The Nation.

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The Week.

Plans to break up the solid South are usually announced at about this stage of the Presidential campaign. In August matters are pretty dull, and there is little else to talk about. McKinley was going to capture a Southern State or two, and Roosevelt was going to; and now, of course, Mr. Taft is having his turn. Mr. Roosevelt did actually carry Missouri, but that is a border State. This week we learn directly from Hot Springs that there is a better chance to carry away part of the South than at any time in the last quarter of a century. Letters from Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee are urging Mr. Taft and the National Committee to seize this exceptional opportunity. We cannot, however, believe that Mr. Taft will become much excited over the outlook. He knows what the Republican machine is in the South. He has publicly declared in effect that it is made up of men who hold Federal offices, or are looking for them; and he has denounced this shadow of a party for failing to win the respect of the substantial citizens of the South. So long as the race question remains in the foreground, so long the South is likely to remain Democratic. Unless the face of affairs greatly changes before November 3, we shall hear, as usual, that Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee—to say nothing of South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and the rest—have gone for Bryan.

The Independence Party at Chicago has nominated for President Thomas L. Hisgen of Massachusetts; for Vice-President, John Temple Graves of Georgia. Mr. Hisgen, who has been the leader of the Hearst forces in New England, ran for Governor last year, as the candidate of the Independence League, when the League ticket received more votes than the regular Democratic. Beyond this, Mr. Hisgen is but little known to fame. John Temple Graves is a fire-eater of the fiercest type. As a journalist in Florida and Georgia—particularly as editor of the Atlanta *Daily Georgian*—he has been extremely bitter in his denunciation of the negro and his defence of lynching; and last year he came to New York to edit Hearst's *American*. It is not too much to say that Mr. Graves is a demagogue of the cheapest type. The Independence platform fits the candidates. It advocates radicalism of every kind: it would exempt the farmer and wage-earner from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; it voices the other extreme demands of labor and appeals to the worst passions of the mob. Hisgen and Graves stand no chance of election. It remains to be seen how far their presence in the field may damage Bryan. One thing is sure: they will help to keep Hearst in the public eye and increase the sale of his newspapers.

As a rejoinder to troublesome questions, Mr. Bryan's glib "not in the platform" will soon wear out. Not more than one man in the United States has expressed himself more freely, on an almost countless number of problems, during the last few years, than Mr. Bryan. If he imagines that by barring various indiscretions of his past loquacity from the platform he has effectually eliminated them from the campaign, he will soon find out his mistake. Does he think, for instance, that people are no longer interested in his deliberate condemnation of railway regulation as a necessary failure, and his espousal of government ownership as the only alternative? His abstention from putting his conviction on this matter into his platform doubtless proves his belief that public opinion is not ready for it just now, but it gives us no assurance whatever that he will not use his position, if he is elected, to bring public opinion over to his own declared views. We all know the skill and persistence of President Roosevelt in turning his office into an agency for the promotion of opinions not found in the platform on which he was elected. Bryan's assertion that public opinion is not ripe for ownership now is the veriest makeshift. The people are entitled to an unambiguous display of Mr. Bryan's present state of mind on this vital question. If it has not changed since his speech on returning from Europe, then the man who votes for him should do so with a full knowledge that he is voting for an early resumption of the highly disturbing agitation for government ownership.

That a man's foes shall be those of his own household has been the bitter experience of many a labor leader before Samuel Gompers. It now appears that it was a rueful bargain which was made at Lincoln between Mr. Gompers and Mr. Bryan. It may be true, technically, that the head of the Federation of Labor never promised or undertook to deliver the labor vote to the Democratic ticket. But after the emphatic rebuff at the hands of the Republicans at Chicago and the hand of welcome extended by the Democrats at Denver, Mr. Gompers went straight to Lincoln. Here he gave assurances of his own support, and summoned the faithful to vote for the friend of labor. He may never have said that he could commit his organization to one party or the other. But he certainly has injected politics into labor circles. Such, at least, would seem to be the view which recalcitrant heads of local unions take. Even Mr. Gompers is palpably alarmed at the prospect of losing his job. He admits, in his irritation, that "the enemies of organized labor" [*i. e.*, his enemies] may, by lies and misrepresentation, "even be successful in accomplishing my removal as president of the American Federation of Labor." Those who object to the dragging of the organization into politics are dubbed by him "political renegades and discredited outcasts of labor." He should apply for a writ of injunction to stop their utterances.

Chairman Hitchcock of the Republican National Committee spent last Friday in this city in sweet converse with Woodruff, Parsons, and other prominent Republicans. The result is half a dozen more or less conflicting reports in the newspapers as to the attitude of Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Taft, and President Roosevelt toward the renomination of Gov. Hughes. Mr. Hitchcock says frankly: "The National Committee will use its influence in behalf of the man who is palpably strongest with the voters." Hence most of the reporters who inter-

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viewed Mr. Hitchcock jump to the conclusion that the committee influence will be thrown for Hughes, and, on the other hand, the people who do not believe in Hughes infer that the committee is against him. It is clear, however, that the committee and the State bosses are likely to be at odds. The committee wants the strongest vote-getter; but crawling politicians like Woodruff, Barnes, and Hendricks want a man whom they can use. Some of them would much prefer a Democrat to another term of Hughes. But Mr. Hitchcock declares emphatically that he regards it as of the "first importance to carry this State." If he maintains this position there can be no reasonable doubt that in the course of a few weeks the national organization will be openly for Hughes. For it is more and more evident that Hughes is the one Republican who is reasonably sure of carrying New York. He is popular precisely because Barnes and Hendricks and Woodruff hate him. These creatures of the machine are despised and detested by the mass of the voters, and a candidate needs no better certificate of merit than their disapproval.

If anything can give President Roosevelt concern over the effect of his hasty public utterances, it should be the way his example heartens his fellow citizens to quote his rashness as their excuse. The Central Labor Union of Indianapolis has passed resolutions whose preamble declares:

> President Roosevelt, the highest executive in the land, has recently shown a greater contempt for the courts than has ever been shown by any officer of the American Federation of Labor or any member of organized labor.

The sting of the declaration lies in the very considerable amount of truth it contains. One cannot effectively preach good citizenship one day, and the next day use his high position to castigate openly a trio of judges, merely because their decision is a personal disappointment to the critic.

The transcontinental railway lines will, according to a published report, discontinue their import and export trade with Australia and the Orient, and will lay off their Pacific steamships. The decision is said to have been reached by the railways in consequence of Rule 86 promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The rule in question requires carriers doing an import or export trade to publish the proportions of the through rates which are respectively charged for inland railway transportation and for sea-carriage. Many of the through land-and-sea rates are exceedingly low. Competition often induces steamship managers to accept a cargo practically as ballast, and cases have repeatedly been made public where a through rate, as, for example, from Antwerp to Chicago, was less than the all-rail rate from the seaboard to Chicago. Originally, the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered carriers to desist from making such low through rates, and rejected the carriers' contention that competition in foreign countries created a dissimilarity in conditions and circumstances which exempted the carriers from any legal taint of discrimination. The Supreme Court, however, sustained the view of the railways, declaring:

> As a matter of law, it is not any violation of the [Interstate Commerce] Act for the carrier to make a lower rate to the point of export . . . upon the traffic which is exported or imported than upon that which is locally consumed.

The Commission may, however, require the railways to publish the inland part of the joint rate. This the railways fear to do, by reason of the disparity between such rates and the ordinary rates on inland traffic. The Japanese freighters, subsidized by the government, offer sharp competition for freight in the Pacific; and if the transcontinental lines carry out their threat, the monopoly of our Pacific trade seems likely to pass into Japanese hands.

The pending difficulty between the Lackawanna Railway and the switchmen's union illustrates anew the evils of dragging the railways into politics. The immediate cause of the trouble is the dismissal of two union employees for disobedience to orders. The management of the road declined, very properly so far as can be learned, to reinstate the two discharged men. Thereupon appeal was made to the union by referendum, and, much to the surprise of the grand master of the organization, the union voted to tie up the entire Lackawanna system unless the two complainants were reinstated. There can be little doubt that this attitude of the union is due to its reliance on political influence, never so easily secured as during a Presidential campaign. The retort which the railway makes to the union—that it can fill the strikers' places three times over in a single day—while doubtless true enough, is not the highest ground the Lackawanna could take. The railways, as well as their employees, are in the first instance under a common obligation to the public, both shippers and passengers. Rigid discipline is the only guarantee of safety of life or prompt and efficient service. The union, in insisting upon the company's condoning lax discipline, and in relying on political influence to secure immuity for its members' offences, is taking a short-sighted position, against its own interests, against the carrier's interests, and against the interests of the general public.

Governor Magoon is delighted with the good order of Saturday's elections in Cuba, and everyone must rejoice with him. It will be easy, however, to be misled in the matter, for it is much too early to say, as the Governor does, that the success of the new and complicated election law is assured. To demonstrate that will take more than one election, and even if the elections were quiet, it remains to be seen whether the results will be accepted by those defeated for office. By all odds the best outcome of the voting is the reported Conservative successes. Cuba is to be congratulated if these have been great enough to induce that party to enter the Presidential campaign. Gen. Mario Menocal, who is spoken of as the candidate, is the first man mentioned for the Presidency really worthy of that office. Zayas and Gomez are quite the wrong kind, and their candidacies are waning because they are already quarrelling among themselves, much as they would were they to obtain control of the Republic. Gen. Menocal represents the educated and well-to-do classes—genuinely conservative, who have heretofore shrunk from taking part in politics with the rabble of successful gamblers, horse thieves, and revolutionists whom the fortunes of war brought to the front after the fall of the Palma government. Should Menocal be chosen President, there would be hope of the stability of the reconstituted Republic—a hope that would be wholly lacking should any one else now in the field be elected.

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Mr. Asquith may fairly be said to have emerged with credit from the session of Parliament just closed. It is true that a number of important subjects foreshadowed in the King's speech in January were scarcely touched. But the measure of chief popular interest, the Old-Age Pension Bill, was passed in the House with scarcely any effective opposition. The Conservatives attacked it, but finally voted for it. The amendments adopted by the Lords were promptly rejected by the House, and the Lords acquiesced—for the simple reason that the radical and labor vote in England is now so formidable that neither party dares to thwart it. The general belief is that in succeeding sessions the scheme of pensions will be made still more inclusive, and the burden still heavier. The Irish Universities Bill, engineered by Mr. Birrell, also encountered comparatively little hostility. Whether it will permanently settle the grievances of the Irish Catholics in regard to higher education remains to be seen; but it is, at any rate, a long step toward conciliation. This concession to the Catholics was viewed coldly by a large number of the narrower non-conformists, yet it was strongly urged by many of the more liberal elements in that group. The most important matter left for the autumn sitting is the Licensing Bill. This is a complicated and extremely contentious piece of legislation. As at present drawn, the measure is opposed by the whole brewing and public-house interest; and various competent observers predict that, unless the bill is considerably modified, the government may be defeated on it.

Premier Clemenceau has had to deal before this with labor crises as tense as that which now confronts Paris. For nearly two years the Confederation of Labor has been pursuing a policy directed towards ultimate armed insurrection against the present economic régime. Strikes, lockouts, "demonstrations," and actual conflict with the troops and police have been attempted as a means for organizing and "training" the proletariat in preparation for the struggle. Such an affray as that at Vigneux must seem to the bystander a mere wanton provocation of bloodshed on the part of the labor leaders. When they urged the Parisian workmen to proceed to Vigneux and "demonstrate" against the slaying of two of their comrades by the troops a number of weeks ago, the heads of the Confederation must have foreseen the inevitable outcome. But they did not hesitate to pay the toll of human life for the resultant gain in class exasperation and hatred. That, we presume, is good tactics, if you want to have a fight; but the leaders of the Parisian organized workingmen will find their Machiavellianism just a bit out of date. The French workingmen, more prosperous than any others in Europe, would seem as a whole to be unprepared as yet for the promised revolution.

The recent promulgation of the North Sea treaty by the French government ought to end the attempts to portray Germany as bent upon swallowing Holland. When sensational journalists in this country and abroad were hard up for a new charge against the German Emperor it was easy enough to get some anti-German professor to prove conclusively that the Kaiser was only awaiting his opportunity to seize Queen Wilhelmina's little kingdom. Her marriage to a German prince was part of the scheme; her childlessness the aid of Providence. The Kaiser might deny all he pleased. Did not Holland have better harbors than Germany, much more convenient to the latter's great iron and steel and coal districts than Hamburg or Bremen? What would you? The Kaiser's guilt was proved. Unfortunately for those who reason thus—and they are the worst mischief-makers the world possesses to-day—in this North Sea treaty which France has just accepted and proclaimed, Germany has ended this game once and for all by guaranteeing the territorial *status quo* and the sovereign rights of those countries which border on the North Sea. Moreover, it is worth recording before this treaty takes its place among the host of international agreements of long standing, it was Germany that first suggested it, and, above all, her ancient rival accepts it in good faith.

Austria has just made a material enlargement of the railways under state ownership and control. Three important lines, the Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Staatsbahngesellschaft, the Nordwestbahn, and the Südnorddeutsche Verbindungsbahn, together with their minor connections, have been purchased by the government. The yearly obligations assumed towards the security-holders amount to 29,600,000 kronen, or about $6,000,000. The length of line previously administered by the state was 15,000 kilometres. This recent acquisition adds 3,000 more. The Austrian railway budget resulted in a deficit last year of about 70,000,000 kronen. In order to secure a more effective control, and thus raise rates, the three lines above noted were purchased. The government will now be in a position to dominate traffic to the Elbe and between the Adriatic and various German markets. The movement is a long step towards replacing the mixed system of state and private railroads with a system entirely under state control. Austria's experience demonstrates anew the futility of the idea that if the government can but control a certain number of lines, it can dominate rates. The private roads have rather set the pace, and the state roads have been compelled to follow suit. A certain mild compulsion was put on the companies to induce them to sell out, but they are reported as having made a good bargain.

The Englishwoman is making great headway in the medical profession. The College of Physicians already admits her to all its examinations. The Royal College of Surgeons has just taken up the question. At a recent poll of the fellows and members a majority of the fellows were in favor of admitting women, but the majority of the members were opposed. The London *Hospital*, commenting on the result of this poll, declares that the opposition of the members depends on their ignorance of the excellence of women practitioners and on fear of their competition. These two objections cut each other's throats. Skilled men surgeons are not troubled by the competition of unskilled women surgeons. On the other hand, there is no tenable ground for barring the skilled woman from any of the honors or privileges of the profession. Antique prejudice cannot long hold out against the assault of the expert, no matter how unwise she may have been in her choice of sex. It is better to give cordially what she demands, than to wait till she takes what she deserves and thus renders the withholder ridiculous.

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STATESMANSHIP AND NAVAL RIVALRY.

Dr. Macnamara, the new Secretary of the British Admiralty, dwelt the other day upon his impression of the international race for supremacy in battleships. He told the House of Commons that he had been "filled with despair at the dreadful rivalry which civilized peoples were inflicting upon themselves." Everything was growing bigger, everything more expensive and more rapidly obsolete. The Victory, he pointed out, was forty years old when she fought at Trafalgar, and was regarded as a useful ship for some years after that. Last year, he said, England sold for only $132,500 a battleship built in 1891 for $3,955,600, and in her sixteen years of service repaired at a cost of $500,000 more. In the last five years England has sold for $1,000,000 battleships costing $42,500,000. Ten years ago the British naval estimates were $132,500,000; now they are nearly $162,000,000. In the same time Germany's naval expenditures have risen from $33,000,000 to $83,000,000. "I don't see," exclaimed Dr. Macnamara, "where it will all end."

Something of this despair is evidently Mr. Lloyd-George's as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for in his address to the Peace Conference in London last week he said:

> We are spending each year $300,000,000 preparing for war, which is a stupendous waste. Let us cast aside European mistrust, quarrels, and feuds, and unite in redeeming humanity from the quagmire where millions are sunk in misery through intemperance, ignorance, and crime.

These are the words of humanity and also of sound common sense. Indeed, the end of the naval rivalry that appalls Dr. Macnamara is bankruptcy. That outcome is plain enough to students of finance and economics; and the Socialists the world over are basing their arguments on the suffering of the poorer classes under the terrible burdens entailed by this mad struggle for superiority in battleships. Yet the statesmanship of the world is helpless before it. Letting "I dare not wait upon I would," each Prime Minister offers the same old excuses that a nation's strength is measured only by its floating cannon, the "surest means of preserving peace."

Even Dr. Macnamara, for all his frankly-expressed disapproval of conditions, has no remedy to suggest. All he can do is to come back to the trite conclusion:

> But after all, heavy as these charges are, rapidly as they increase, battles cost more than battleships. The people of this country have to recognize that war indemnities may very well be naval estimates multiplied many times. It is upon the strength of the British navy, its unimpaired strength, that depend not only our trade and commerce and happiness and safety and the honor of our people, but the very foundations of the peace of the world.

It is true that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was known to feel about this subject as Mr. Lloyd-George does, declared his willingness to reduce British naval estimates, if other nations would join the movement. But the Kaiser and the Hague Conference giving no encouragement for the limitation of armaments, the matter ended. There is more warlike talk than before, and more appeals to keep up the navy and increase the army and its reserves. Lord Cromer announces that a European war is imminent.

Where is the statesman anywhere who will aspire to immortality by taking the first step that will really count in the direction of disarmament? He is not to-day to be found in the United States. That Mr. Bryan's platform abandons the former Democratic attitude of opposition to a large navy, Mr. Taft clearly points out. But his own utterance on the subject of the fleet is only a feeble imitation of Mr. Roosevelt's assurances that the United States wishes no war, and will provoke none, but that nevertheless we must be prepared to resist aggression, to insist upon peace with honor, etc. These are the same familiar catch-words so dear to the politician, and particularly to the makers of armor-plate, of guns, and of ships. This confession of the limitation of statesmanship, this appeal to the jingoes, ought to be humiliating to any one who aspires to the title of national leader. It is an admission that we are unable to change a policy involving a gigantic waste of national resources.

And the wonder at our impotence grows when one studies the vacillations, the bickerings, the blunders of navy-maniacs the world over. For masterful Imperialists, moulders of the world's fate, they are strangely uncertain in their counsels, and amazingly timid. If there is a rumor that one nation is to buy or build a few more ships, the whole crowd, German, English, or French, trembles and begins to calculate anew. The possibility that Japan may buy the ships that Brazil is said to be building sets every chancellery to figuring with pad and pencil just how the balance of power may be restored. Ever a prey to wild alarms, those who put their whole hope for earthly salvation in fleets, wrangle incessantly over the size of their battleships, and their number. One writer like Park Benjamin may insist that a fleet of twelve battleships on either coast is an adequate navy for the United States, but forthwith he is dubbed a traitor for not saying sixteen or twenty. And when a conscientious official like Dr. Macnamara sees the folly of it all, he, nevertheless, feels compelled to concede in the same breath that for all this folly there is no cure but more folly.

THE TIDE OF MIGRATION.

The statistics of migration for the past year are significant. They take most of the wind out of the sails of those who argue that our American ideals are likely to be blotted out by an alien invasion. The steamship authorities assert that the departures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, exceeded the arrivals; and this, too, despite the roaring trade we were driving until the crisis of October last. For the first six months of the present calendar year the net loss caused by the excess of aliens leaving for home was almost 200,000. The immigration restriction leagues will breathe easier now, and our native virtues may get a chance to grow between whiles.

Reference to immigration is made by only one of the old political parties, and that is to Asiatic exclusion. The Republican platform is discreetly silent. Mr. Bryan, knowing of the disaffection that was formerly rife on the Pacific, played the small politician by inserting in the Denver platform a declaration opposing "the admission of Asiatic immigrants who cannot be amalgamated with our population, or whose presence amongst us raises a race issue and involves us in diplomatic controversies with Oriental Powers." The Hearst platform reëchoes this declaration with the added humbug of demanding "an exclusion act which shall protect American workingmen from competition with Asiatic cheap labor, and which shall protect American civilization from the contamination of Asiatic conditions." Mr. Taft, in his encyclopedic review of

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the Democratic platform, drops a tear over his own party's silence in the matter, but assures us that a Republican Administration can "by diplomatic negotiations" minimize "the evils suggested."

The most significant fact in the rapid ebb of immigration is that economic considerations are not only paramount —they have been that for many a year —but that they act with unexpected rapidity. The mobility of international labor was never as great as to-day. Trained observers of the movement never suspected that the supply of labor would ever become so readily fluid. Adam Smith commented on the anomaly that a difference in the prices of commodities would occasion their transport from one end of the world to the other, while a similar difference in wage-scales would not induce a workman to remove to a neighboring parish. No modern economist, however, would dare to apply to modern conditions the great Scotchman's dictum:

> After all that has been said of the levity and inconstancy of human labor, it appears evident from experience, that man is of all sorts of luggage the most difficult to be transported.

Like many another phase of modern life, the choice of habitat has come under the sway of conscious industrial motives. "A faith's pure shrine" was doubtless the lure of the New World to the Pilgrim Fathers, but the modern Hungarian does not despise "bright jewels of the mine," albeit the jewels are of anthracite.

Despite our better knowledge of the impulses to migration and the rapidity of their operation, many of the older fallacies persist with reference to the effect upon our industrial welfare. Commissioner Watchorn's statistics note that the 585,970 immigrants who entered at this port for the fiscal year last ended brought with them in money only $11,812,000, as compared with $25,559,893 brought by the 1,116,295 immigrants of the year before. Now it is legitimate —in some ways useful—to calculate the additions made to our currency by these new recruits in the industrial army. But there is danger of hastily accepting the cash in their pockets as an index of their addition to our national wealth. What we gain from the immigrant is measured by his contribution to the national income, by the value of the produce he adds, by the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries he enables us to enjoy. It would hardly seem necessary to enunciate this truth, were it not for the persistent lament over the supposed loss the nation suffers when the departing worker takes some cash home with him. Thus the commissioner's statistics console us for the decrease in cash brought in by saying it "was balanced partly by a reduced amount in money orders sent abroad by immigrants." The perturbations which short-sighted people experience over money "taken out of the country" by returning emigrants would be quieted if they only asked the question, "How was the money earned?" If a returning Sicilian has laid bricks or dug ditches, the wealth he has created stays on this side. It could not be transported to his old home.

Persistent, too, is the other cry of the way low-wage laborers depress the scale of native wages. This much truth does contain: if the native worker persists in staying in an occupation entered by the low-wage worker of equal efficiency, the native worker must expect to accept the lower wage. But instances out of number show that when the native worker is forced to the alternative of rising to a higher employment or sinking in the old one, he commonly rises. Besides, as every employer will testify, the immigrant has no inherent predilection for the low wage. He generally asks for the American wage before his employer thinks the new employee is worth it.

With the decreasing birth-rate of the native-born population in the older parts of the country, we may yet find in these strong stocks of the Old World a very real element in our national strength. Our prejudices are strong enough to render us for some time to come immune to the contagion of alien ideas, and the harmonious coöperation of many a polyglot household to-day is a cheerful sign that social assimilation on a larger scale may at least be hoped for.

CONCERNING ORATORS.

Sir Charles Wyndham declared the other day in a pardonable outburst of British pride that, though the Americans are always talking, there is nothing like the same proportion of really good public speakers in America as in England. As Dickens's friend Major Chollop would have said, "the sentiment is quite Europian," and does not surprise us. The whole question hangs on the meaning assigned to "really good." When Sir Charles Wyndham uses the phrase, he is evidently thinking of a speaker fit to stand up in Parliament and address the English nation with distinction. He is thinking of the effect of the speech upon an audience having in common certain standards of stylistic and oratorical excellence. He is thinking of the fine traditions of English orators, of Gladstone, Bright, Macaulay, Fox, the Pitts, and Burke—of a style of oratory, to adapt Burke's own words, which every well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. The well-formed English mind relishes what Arnold called "prose of the centre," prose free from barbarism, provincialism, and idiosyncrasy, prose used by the most cultivated people of the capital and understood by all intelligent men. The really good public speakers in England use such prose habitually, and it must be admitted that even the best public speakers in America frequently do not.

The explanation is not far to seek; Washington is the capital of the United States in no such sense as London is the capital of England. It is not the great intellectual and social centre of the country, but only a little out-of-the-way political resort in which gentlemen from the several States spend a few months of each year trying to come to some agreement over the conflicting interests of their constituencies. The Constitution has provided that they shall not be very young or impressionable when they go there. Congress is in no sense a training school for them; it has no established standards to which they are constrained to conform. They are ordinarily too old to learn. They bring with them, one and all, their own ideas of the methods and manners of the public speaker—the methods and manners that they learned and employed in their own home States. The gentleman from Massachusetts brings the polished, incisive style that pleased in Massachusetts. The gentleman from Mississippi brings the grandfatherly "plain planter" style that pleased in Mississippi. The gentleman from Idaho brings the copious and ardent style that pleased in Idaho. Many of them bring the neologisms, metaphors, and even the solecisms of their own particular provinces—sometimes coupled with an unruly temper and a love of abusive epi-

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thet better adapted to "spellbind" an Iberian village than to carry conviction in the capitol. But the fact remains that most of them have been effective speakers somewhere—which is not always true of the gentlemen who get to Parliament—or they never would have got to Washington. They have all prophesied with honor in their own countries.

If these gentlemen tried to follow any common ideal of oratorical excellence they would probably be less effective than they are. For, if the truth be told, Americans are almost always a little suspicious of any speaker who seems to be at all concerned for the form of his speech. They like a man who has grown up in their "section," and who is not above their manners and mannerisms. They trust a man not for his elocution, but for his power to feel precisely as they do and to express precisely their feelings, and, as nearly as possible, in their own words. The simplest type of the successful American speaker is Squire Higgins of Higginsville, who gets up in town-meeting with an air of unpremeditated candor, and says, "Naow, my friends." That is the prevailing American tradition of which Lincoln, and not Webster, was the father. "You will find people," said the Illinois lawyer in his debate with Douglas, "who will try to persuade you that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse." That was the kind of speech—and not the almost lyrical passion of the Gettysburg address—that earned him the title of Honest Abe, and made him President. He, too, was a man of sectional idiosyncrasies; he had formed his style while he was hewing out ox-yokes. But he had the greatness to recognize the "I'm-from-Missouri" element in all his fellow-countrymen. The country is too large and diverse, however, to find its voice very often in any one man. Our most effective speaker to-day, the only one who pretends to address the nation as a whole, speaks in words as hard as twelve-inch projectiles, swinging his terrible right like a sledge-hammer on an anvil; but he does not speak in any tradition, and his appeal is only to a constituency. His power as a speaker resides largely in his ability to make pebbly phrases which fit in the slings of the sons of Jesse.

The unacademic qualities of our public speakers rise out of incorrigible necessity—out of the unacademic qualities of the people whose representatives they are. The eccentricity of public speech is one with the eccentricity of our literature and our common talk. But that does not settle the whole question against us. We have the virtues of our defects. The "prose of the centre" has its characteristic defects as well as its characteristic virtues. It sometimes preserves its academic purity at the cost of popular effectiveness. A writer in the London *Nation* complains of the absence in contemporary English of a "certain racy smack of the joy of living which comes from life in the open air. The language of the present-day pulpit is wearisome in the extreme. Our English at present is suffering from a certain anæmic refinement." That complaint, at least, hardly holds of English as it is written and spoken in America. We have an occasional *précieuse*, to be sure, like Mrs. Wharton, who says "the tacit conspiracy of inanimate objects had focussed the light on the picture," when she means merely that the picture happened to be in the light; but that is contrary to our traditions, which are nothing if not racy. How much more traditional is the ring of this from O. Henry: "Far-reaching from somewhere comes the smell of ham and red cabbage, and the crash of dishes on the American plan." Or this from Jack London—the man's hands are freezing: "The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger-ends." Or this from the classic pages of the *Atlantic Monthly:*

> Behold, for instance, the necromantic spitball, how it drops from the batter's hips to his knees in two feet of forward motion, or "floats up like a chunk of lead till it gets close to the swatting station, and then ducks around the corner like a subpœna-dodger!" The mere expectation of a spitball unnerves the doughtiest "sons of swat."

Sometimes, it is true, our speakers do stoop too much to conquer. The lawyer stoops too much when he concludes that it will damage him with his clients if he speaks grammatically. The college president can scarcely afford to inspire the undergraduates and "jolly things along" in their own picturesque jargon. Certainly, the evangelist who translates the Beatitudes into the language of Chimmie Fadden has mistaken his calling. There should be some public speakers to resist the levelling and vulgarizing will of the people. At the same time, the fresh and racy vigor of the Elizabethan speech for which the English writer sighs is possible only when the people in the quick smithy of their thought forge the word or phrase that fits the need of the minute. In his healthy disdain for dictionaries and grammars the American speaker has many advantages over the English—when the English language stands in his way, it hasn't a chance.

STRAINING THE THEORY OF DEMOCRACY.

Two men were bracketed for Senior Wrangler at Cambridge University this year. One of them is a Russian Jew, Selig Brodetsky, whose father landed in England practically penniless. The young man himself, as the English papers explain, "has been educated at schools mainly attended by the poor." To Englishmen, who are less familiar than we with the achievements of the Russian Jews in any field which they choose to enter, the incident has seemed very remarkable; and there has been much comment on the "educational ladder" which has enabled one without money or family to mount so high. The London *Spectator*, for example, urges that there should be larger opportunities for capable but less brilliant students:

> It is satisfactory, indeed, to think that, if a boy of this high capacity is born, it will be his own fault if he does not make full use of his natural faculties. But it would be more satisfactory still if we could assure ourselves that the ladder was equally open to those who are not fitted to mount so high, and that at every round boys or girls would find the means of taking another step upward, and of turning to account such modest talent as they possess, though it will never make them famous beyond their own narrow circle. . . . . A system of scholarships may do very useful work and yet stop far short of the university.

If England fails to encourage talent that is not the highest, we err in the other direction. It may almost be said that our educational system sets a premium on mediocrity.

The pace of classes in our public grammar schools is determined by the average pupils, or perhaps pupils a little below the average. In view of the task thrown upon our grammar schools, of taking all sorts of raw material—children of foreign birth, children in whose homes study is impossible—we can hardly complain that the work often drags. Our chief criticism is that in so many

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cases no provision is made for promoting the bright children more rapidly. They are held back in a lock-step with the rest. The boy who can easily complete the programme for three years in two or two and a half, and who would profit largely by moving ahead quickly, is not allowed to break the ranks. He is under no stimulus to exert himself and do his best. As a result, he dawdles and forms thoroughly bad habits of application, habits which may cling to him and clog him through life. We do not say that a high-strung girl or boy should be put under pressure, but many grammar-school children, as both parents and teachers admit, are allowed to drift along too easily.

In high school the problem is somewhat different. The attendance is comparatively small, and yet it includes a considerable number who are intellectually unfit to profit by high-school instruction. We are enthusiastic supporters of the public high school, but we maintain that that costly education should be bestowed only on those who are capable of benefiting from it and of making some adequate return to the community for the outlay. Our high schools are apparently conducted on the principle that the stupid son or daughter of any honest taxpayer is entitled to pass the successive grades. The standard is far too low. We should say, at a rough guess, that in most of our high schools in this country the lowest quarter or even third of each class should be dropped out, as not fairly entitled to the money and pains expended on them. Were these dullards dismissed, the remnant of competent pupils would get much more out of their course. They would go farther, would go more thoroughly, and would graduate as better-trained and more useful citizens. Not only should the standard be raised, but, as in the grammar school, more liberal provision should be made for promotion. We have seen a boy take a four years' high school course in two years and do better work than nine-tenths of his fellows; but under existing circumstances such exceptional pupils are generally discouraged; indeed, they are deliberately sacrificed to the machinery of the school, and to the mediocre children to whom it is adjusted. At present bright boys and girls who cannot spend four years in high school hesitate about entering because it takes so long to get anywhere. But were the standard high and the grades less rigid, the ambitious would be tempted to enter, because in a year or two they might really accomplish something, whereas now they mark time.

In college the difficulties as to promotion are less perplexing. The extension of the elective system and the arrangements for the three-year degree have made for a flexibility that is a distinct stimulus to ambition. But in most courses in all our colleges the standard for passing is low. The authorities in the Western State universities maintain much the same attitude as the authorities of our public high schools—that any sober and industrious child of a taxpayer is entitled to a degree. The result is that these institutions are flooded with mediocrity. It would be rash, however, to assert that Eastern endowed colleges maintain a distinctly higher standard. There is hardly a college in this country whose bachelor's degree is a genuine certificate of intellectual discipline. That precious sheepskin may and often does mean four years devoted to athletics and everything else but study. More serious, however, is the fact that our colleges, in carrying along this mass of dead wood, really neglect the man of extraordinary capacity, the cultivation of whose talent might produce striking results. Scholarships are spread out thin among dozens of relatively unpromising boys, instead of being concentrated on the highly deserving. Harvard has some large scholarships, and the scholarships of the Harrison Foundation in the University of Pennsylvania range from $500 to $800. These will enable a scholar to do the proper work of a scholar. But in most colleges your poor boy, no matter how eminent his gifts, is forced to devote his energies to tending furnaces, shovelling snow, and other tasks that eat up his time and strength without carrying him toward his proper goal.

This fault may be characteristic of a democracy. We try to apply the democratic principle in a field in which it is not applicable. Like Matthew Arnold's friend in Ohio, we assume that excellence is common and abundant, whereas by definition it is rare and seldom met with. We are victims of the fallacy that everybody can profit by a college education, after the manner of that enthusiast who wanted to solve the race problem by sending every negro in the South to a good university. Thus we tempt through college and into a professional life people who would be much more useful and happy in less ambitious callings; we spoil good carpenters and plumbers in order to make poor ministers and lawyers. We forget the aim of education as defined by Ruskin, "to raise the fittest into positions of influence, and to give to every scale of intellect its natural sphere." You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, black or white, and if you want silk purses, you must cultivate silkworms. To that undertaking, we should like to see more of our colleges dedicate themselves more exclusively.

LITERARY PROPERTY: AN ITALIAN VIEW.

In recent copyright congresses there has been a strong and growing party which holds literary property to be like any other. The doctrine, though widely held, is made in France, and its motto is Alphonse Karr's dictum, *la propriété littéraire est une propriété.* Hence its partisans look to copyright in perpetuity, and meanwhile demand great extensions of the customary periods. A notable expression of this sentiment has been the somewhat fantastic suggestion that artists and their heirs should have the right to a percentage on every resale of their works.

With this view the veteran Italian publisher, Pietro Barbèra, takes issue in that excellent Florentine weekly, the *Marzocco* (July 5). Literary property, he maintains, is properly restricted. A book is in a peculiar sense indebted to the civilization out of which it springs. It is fitting, then, that, after the author and his heirs have enjoyed the usufruct, the debt should be paid by returning the book to its source. We have no space to argue this opinion, but may say, in brief, that it seems that of a follower of Taine. Would a follower of Emerson or Carlyle, if any such belated hero-worshippers there be, acknowledge any such debt? We think not. Yet the principle that literary property is on a special footing seems perfectly sound. Let us recall that even copyright is comparatively a recent invention. For the most part of written history authors have had practically no rights in their own works, living by state or private

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patronage. Without commending the days of this blindness, we need not suppose that the sense of the race has, until the formation of copyright leagues, been wholly wrong in this matter. Finally, perpetual copyright or even its exaggerated extension seems forbidden by the general principle of law which discourages mortmain. It is a pragmatic age, and to realize the inexpediency of indefinite copyright one has only to imagine the practical inconvenience to publishers and readers were it necessary to-day to verify the copyrights of, say, Montaigne. The only way to meet the difficulty of the ever-ramifying claims of heirs and assigns would be to convey the right in perpetuity somewhere near the author's lifetime, and this would have all the disadvantages of other perpetual trusts.

The real question of copyright continues to be, in Signor Barbèra's opinion, how and how long? A consensus of legislation in many lands has answered the second inquiry: For the author's lifetime and that of his immediate heirs. This is the common intention of numerous laws which otherwise differ considerably. Signor Barbèra calls attention to the advantages of the Italian law by which the right of publication is devolved from the author to the public through a sort of middle stage. For forty years, or life, should he outlive the term, the author retains full control of his works. When through his death or expiry of this term of forty years the copyright lapses, all publishers are free to print without authorization, but on condition of paying a royalty of 5 per cent. on the gross price to the author's heirs or assigns. Take the concrete case of the highly important copyright which Manzoni obtained in 1827 for "I Promessi Sposi." He died in 1873, outliving the usual term by six years. At his death that famous novel became public property subject to the payment of 5 per cent. to his heirs. This they received until 1903 on the many editions of this classic that come from the Italian presses.

This provision is certainly, as Signor Barbèra contends, in the humane and flexible tradition of Latin legislation. Such a reversionary right, which cannot be appraised or assigned in advance, may often make up for an original bad bargain on the author's part. Furthermore, it provides a decent devolution of literary property to the public. The requirement of a royalty warns off the less responsible class of publishers during the second period. We do not see in Italy, as we do in England and America, base reprints of early and perhaps disowned volumes appearing in an author's lifetime, nor do we often find the rather undignified expedients, perfunctory revision, and the like, by which an expiring copyright is here kept alive. On the whole, too, this period of freedom to print by paying seems to make for greater enterprise among publishers (who are too prone to sleep upon their copyrights), and thus to further incidentally the interests of the heirs of authors. In short, this scheme of devolution has so many obvious advantages that it is surprising it has not attracted greater attention among copyright reformers.

A natural application of the principle, Signor Barbèra points out, would be the right to print within an established time after an author's death, and on payment of a fee, selections of his works in anthologies and of his correspondence in memoirs, etc. It would seem, also, as if all posthumous papers neither strictly literary nor copyrighted, might properly be treated like works that have passed into the middle category. It is hard to see why a publisher should secure all the privileges of authorship for works never intended for the public eye, but luckily found or thriftily bought. If the law made such literary flotsam and jetsam free to all upon payment of a percentage to the respective heirs, we should have fewer swollen official biographies and less questionable trafficking in the small change of authorship.

THE STATE OF CANCER RESEARCH.

The second volume of Reports of the Collis P. Huntington Fund for Cancer Research, just issued, contains seventeen papers which collectively give a fair summary of present knowledge. Scarcely a month passes without the announcement in the press of a new remedy for cancer, and quacks are constantly advertising "sure cures for cancer," and "cancer cured without the knife." But we may as well face the facts, however depressing. The truth is that no one knows exactly the cause of cancer, and there is no sure cure. An early and radical operation is recommended by the most competent diagnosticians, though X-rays have proved effective with some kinds of superficial cancer, and what is known as "Coley's fluid" has been used with success in certain cases of inoperable sarcoma.

The cause of cancer is discussed at length in the article "Cancer Problems," by Prof. James Ewing of the medical department of Cornell. After a survey of all the evidence, he discards the theory as to a parasite. This conclusion, as some of our readers may recall, agrees with that of the Harvard report of several years ago. Dr. Ewing does not "deny all relation between parasites and malignant tumors":

> In one sense, certain well-known micro-organisms seem to act as indirect exciting agents of tumors. One of the most important facts in the etiology of tumors is that many malignant neoplasms develop after long-continued inflammation, which is caused by external irritants or parasitic micro-organisms.

Cancer of the stomach, for example, is sometimes the sequel of an ulcer; epithelioma, of lupus, or tuberculosis of the skin. But in the latter case "the tubercle bacillus gradually or suddenly disappears from the field and the tumor process continues from its own intrinsic forces." Hence Dr. Ewing infers that "external irritants and parasites are concerned only with the inception of tumors, and then indirectly"; and that there is little or no basis for "the theory of a special cancer parasite and of the necessity of a continuous irritant propagated by a micro-organism throughout the course of a malignant tumor."

The theory of "cell autonomy" is in his opinion the most tenable, as "founded on the sum total of clinical observations and supported by assured principles drawn from many collateral sciences." This theory is difficult to explain in non-technical language; but it is, in brief, that certain cells of the human body, under certain conditions, seem to have an autonomous power of growth and reproduction, like the cells of the lowest organisms. Some pathologists ascribe this morbid activity of cells, this reversion to primitive types—resulting in tumors—to the removal of the cells "from the influence of tissue tension by which their growth is normally restrained." Some inflammation which changes the mechanical pressure of cells on each other or the distribution of nutriment

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may disturb the balance and set a group of cells free on a course of abnormal development and multiplication. This incomplete statement of the theory we may supplement by a single paragraph from Dr. Ewing's paper:

> We see, therefore, that the growth of tissue cells is normally controlled by the organization, that these cells possess regenerative powers greatly in excess of ordinary needs in order to meet extraordinary and accidental requirements [as from mechanical injuries], and that cells exhibit, in response to certain external conditions, which some call stimuli, enormous grades of proliferative capacity. Why limitless growth should be such a striking characteristic of anaplastic cells, which have lost the control of the organization, we may not fully understand, but we can observe it as a fact.

It follows that one of the most fruitful fields of investigation is, in the language of Dr. Ewing, "the very minute observation and analysis of the general and local conditions surrounding the early stages of cancer." "The chief hope, for the present generation, of a reduction in the mortality from cancer" lies in "the earlier recognition of the precancerous stage of the disease and the elimination of some of its accessible factors." This study is now being carried on by experts in many parts of the world. Numerous experiments are being made in the transplantation of cancer of various types in mice, rats, and dogs, the conditions under which such transplantation or inoculation, is possible, and the conditions under which it fails. This volume contains a number of reports of such experiments. One paper by Dr. George W. Crile and Dr. S. P. Beebe shows how the blood of a dog which "has spontaneously recovered from sarcoma, when transferred into an animal with a rapidly growing sarcoma, has the power of producing immediate retrogression of the tumor," and this tumor has in most cases disappeared entirely. This observation, as Dr. William B. Coley, secretary of the fund, notes, may ultimately prove "of great value in the treatment of malignant tumors in man." There are also two papers by Dr. Coley on the treatment of inoperable sarcoma with the mixed toxins of erysipelas and bacillus prodigiosus. He details some striking results—the more remarkable because his cases were inoperable and therefore regarded as hopeless. Under date of November, 1907, he writes:

> Altogether, I have personally treated about 430 cases of sarcoma with the mixed toxins. In 47 of these cases . . . the tumor has completely disappeared; and in 28 cases a period of from three to fifteen years has passed since the disappearance. . . . During that period [of fifteen years] important improvements have been made, from experience, in both the preparation of the toxins and the method of administration. The proportion of successes is, therefore, higher now than in the whole past period.

Dr. Coley, however, urges the early use of the knife, when possible, and the administration of the mixed toxins, after the operation, as a prophylactic against recurrence.

To sum up, then, the various secret remedies that are so widely heralded both in the news and the advertising columns of the press, here and abroad, are, like all such nostrums, a fraud. The deception is peculiarly cruel because no disease is more dreaded than cancer, the victims of which eagerly grasp at any straw of hope. And we may add that the improvements in methods of diagnosis by the most skilled pathologists, of surgery by our best surgeons, and of post-operative treatment—all these things increase the chance of recovery after an early and thorough operation.

NEW GERMAN FICTION.

A book which is likely to attract considerable attention in Germany, and perhaps elsewhere, is Jacob Wassermann's "Caspar Hauser," which has for its hero that mysterious person. (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.) The voluminous literature which has grown up about this victim of the *raison d'état* is more concerned with the secret of his birth, his exposure, and subsequent persecution than with the man himself. But Wassermann is no Sherlock Holmes deftly unravelling the threads of circumstances: he is more given to the task of threading the labyrinth of human souls. The reader who would seek a key to the Hauser mystery will be disappointed in the tale. Its merit lies in its artistic treatment of a subject which lends itself as easily to melodrama as to moralizing. With the exception of a play by Kurt Martens, "Kaspar Hauser" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), it is the only work about the man of undeniable literary quality. Wassermann's book is a faithful and sympathetic record of the few years which Hauser was allowed to live in comparative freedom in Nuremberg, where he was the object of conscientious study and solicitous care on the part of two eminent men: Georg Friedrich Daumer and Anselm Ritter von Feuerbach. The author has based his portrait of Hauser on their reports, and succeeds in presenting a touching picture of the gradual unfolding of a mind that had been reduced by solitary confinement to a state of helplessness and ignorance. The novel is a tragedy of guilelessness. The introduction of the love element for the sake of the story seems somewhat forced. Yet the innocent affection springing up between the two comrades in misfortune—the strange youth and a highly sensitive woman barely more than a child—furnishes some of the most delightful pages of the book. Clara von Kennekampf becomes a hardly less interesting character than Hauser himself. Wassermann treats the subject with a spirituality rare among the writers of Young Germany.

Georg Hermann scored a success some time ago with "Jettchen Gebert" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), a story of *bourgeois* Berlin in the first quarter of the last century, in which he limned cultivated middle-class characters with the delicacy of old miniatures, and contrasted them with a more robust type, the rising conquerors of the commercial world, the men with few scruples and unlimited enterprise. Jettchen Gebert, the charming girl heroine, grew up between the two different classes, and by her marriage to Julius Jacoby was destined to become the link between them. The new story, "Henriette Jacoby," begins with the wedding feast, when the sensitive, refined girl suddenly becomes aware of the gulf between her and her bridegroom, and seeks refuge in the house of her uncle Jason. The story is unusual. The meagre plot is concerned with the attempts of the two families to settle the difficulty without publicity; but below the ripple of surface events is a deep undercurrent interrupted by spiritual crises. The slow and quiet tone of the narrative lends itself admirably to the old-fashioned setting. Few novelists of modern Germany have succeeded in creating such a remarkable group of characters as Jason, Solomon, and Jettchen Gebert, Doctor Kössling, and Julius Jacoby, and none has caught the spirit of that period and reflected it with equal subtlety. The story is an admirable achievement.

Heinrich Mann made his appearance a few years ago with stories so exotic in subject and manner, as to be but feebly convincing and hardly enjoyable. But he has proved the innate strength of his gift by a steady development towards that mastery which does not require the abnormal and the extravagant to support its claim to originality. Out of the storm and stress of his generation, with its quest for the unusual, he has grown up to an appreciation of characters and conditions more within the range of common understanding. Yet his novel, "Zwischen den Rassen" (Munich: Albert Langen), treats a problem of exceptional interest: the life of

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a child born in Brazil to a Teuton father and a Latin mother, and brought up in Germany. For in the sensitive nature of the girl, one of Heinrich Mann's most interesting heroines, the antagonism between the two races is incarnated. She becomes conscious of the homelessness of her soul, and, when the mother joins her after the father's death, drifts along the changing and treacherous currents of an international society which verges dangerously on the *demi monde*. Once she has grown into a woman, the struggles between her German soul and her Gallic senses are the source of painful experiences. She marries an Italian superman, but, becoming aware of his perfidy, finds refuge and final rest in the more ideal affection of a man of her father's race. The story is well-constructed and well-told. Among the many interesting and graphically portrayed types, the heroine stands out as an unusually complex individuality, that engages and holds the sympathy of the reader. That the author should have chosen to give the mother a touch of the conventional adventuress of Latin extraction is regrettable. His book would have gained in dignity had he resisted the temptation to have his fling at her race.

Ludwig Thoma's "Kleinstadtgeschichten" (Albert Langen) is another highly enjoyable volume. Thoma is Germany's greatest humorist since the death of Wilhelm Busch. He is, however, a distinct product of southern Germany, like his brother Hans, the painter, and is particularly happy in the portrayal of provincial types of Bavaria. In this book he presents the atmosphere of a little town so vividly that its life becomes a reality, and its quaint characters living men and women. The innocent adventures of the brewer's son, the carefully planned revolution, and the curate's assault upon the monument erected to the memory of the victims of the war—all this is delightfully amusing, yet not without an undernote of satire.

A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first edition of Milton's "Comus," 1637, offered at Sotheby's on July 13, brought £317. It was bound in a volume of seven plays of later date, and, except for writing on the title, was a fine copy, with good margins. This was almost double the preceding record at auction (£162 at the Van Antwerp sale last year), but that copy was in poor condition. A more remarkable price was £405 paid for a copy of the first edition of Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles," 1624. The copy was in contemporary English calf, with the arms of King James I. on the covers, though, according to the catalogue, two of the maps were torn, one being defective. It contained the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, but not that of Matoaka; nor did it contain the printed slip of errata found in some copies. This price is far in excess of any heretofore paid for a small-paper copy. If the copy was on large paper, the price was low. Brinley's large-paper copy (now in the Lenox Library) brought $1,800 in March, 1879; the Beckford copy (now Richard Hoe's) brought £605 in July, 1883; and the Barlow copy (now J. P. Morgan's) brought $1,900 in February, 1890. The collection of ninety-five autograph letters of Sir Walter Scott, mostly written to the Marchioness of Abercorn, brought £610. Other lots at the sale realized the following prices:

"Tales of the Islanders," an unpublished manuscript, by Charlotte Brontë, in four thin volumes, £22; Shakespeare's "Richard the Second," 1615, lacking two leaves, with several other plays bound in, £106; Homer, the first edition, 1488, a fine large copy, but as usual without the Latin Epistle of Nerli, £165; Samuel Purchas's "Pilgrimage," 1617, and his "Pilgrimes," Vols. I. to IV., 1624-25, both presentation copies to Lord Chief Justice Robert Heath, £250; Washington's Letter Book, kept during the campaigns of 1775 and 1776, 151 leaves, in the handwriting of an unknown secretary, £41.

Daniel B. Fearing of Newport has just made a valuable gift to the library of the Grolier Club of this city. Included in the collection are many volumes of rarity and value, among them a Second Folio of Shakespeare's Works, 1632; the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," the fourth title-page, 1668; Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," 1726, the second volume being the first edition; Cicero's "Cato Major," printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744, the most famous book from his press; Birch's "Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain," 1756; Chippendale's "Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Directory," 1754; Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," 3 vols., first editions; Locker's "London Lyrics," a presentation copy to George Cruikshank with inscription by Locker and Cruikshank's signature; a nearly complete set of the publications of the Bibliophile Society, including André's Journal and the Lamb Letters; Voltaire's "Dictionaire Philosophique," Paris, 1809, 14 vols., one of the only two sets printed by Didot on vellum; a fifteenth-century manuscript on vellum with numerous miniatures, done probably by a Belgian artist. An important and valuable set included in Mr. Fearing's gift is Lord Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," 9 vols., folio, one of the colored copies, with the first volume dated 1830. Lowndes, Sabin, and Allibone give the date as 1831. The last volume ends abruptly with a topic unfinished. The author spent his entire fortune upon the work; he was sued by a paper dealer in Dublin, and died in prison there. The subscription price of the colored copies was £210.

The Bibliographical Society will begin printing in a few weeks a new "Census of Caxtons" by Seymour de Ricci of 22 Avenue Henri Martin, Paris, a foreign member of the society. The volume will contain a full account of every known copy of every book from Caxton's press, including fragments. The copies will be traced from sale to sale, with descriptions of bindings, imperfections, and size (in millimetres). Mr. Ricci has been able to discover between two and three hundred copies not mentioned in Blades's work. But he says that although he has had the assistance of such expert bibliographers as E. Gordon Duff and B. Quaritch, he cannot hope to have registered every Caxton lurking in small libraries or private collections. He therefore asks information in regard to stray copies, or present owners of any Caxtons or fragments which have appeared in recent sales.

Correspondence.

A MONUMENT TO FRANÇOIS LAURENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I not call the attention of your readers to the project now on foot among scholars to erect a monument in the city of Ghent, which was the scene of his life-long activity, to the eminent historian, jurist, and philanthropist, François Laurent? For such a memorial of one whose eloquent freedom of thought was all his life an annoyance to mediævalists and reactionaries, political, social, and religious, no help, of course, can be expected from the present clerical government of Belgium; but he holds a proud place in the hearts of the more liberal-minded of his countrymen, who have already raised some three-fourths of the ten thousand dollars needed for the monument, and they appeal with confidence to the aid of those who honor his memory throughout the world.

To Americans Laurent is known doubtless much less by his noble labors for popular education and for the elevation of the working classes or by his great works on the history and theory of law than by the remarkable volumes to which he gave the collective name of "Studies on the History of Humanity." This learned and profound survey of human history, which from the appearance of its first volume, in 1850, raised its author to a foremost place among historical philosophers, is still perhaps the ablest demonstration of the reality and the permanence of historical progress and the most eloquent argument for the divinity of its origin and end. Despite the deeply religious temper and tone of the work and the reverent warmth of its treatment of Christianity, its refusal to recognize in those who in his country represent that faith the perfect and final realization of religion, brought down upon Laurent the lasting enmity of the dominant clergy. He narrowly escaped being driven from his professorship, and no pains have been spared to darken and to blur his memory. His writings, however, have found readers in all lands, and their liberalizing influence has perhaps been even greater in France, in Italy, and in the Spanish-speaking countries (notably in Spanish America) than in his Belgian fatherland.

It is proposed to place the monument in one of the public squares of Ghent. The noble design submitted by the sculptor Van Biesbroeck—a relief of bronze on a pedestal of stone—represents the historian sitting lost in meditation, with Jurisprudence and Philanthropy standing at either shoulder, while Philanthropy and Education ply their helpful tasks beside him. The committee in charge of the enterprise embraces a large number of the most eminent and justly respected jurists, professors, and publicists of Belgium, the Netherlands, and other countries, among them Mr. Asser, a member of the Council of State of the Nether-

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lands, president of the Institut de Droit International; M. Frédéric de Martens, professor at the University of St. Petersburg, and formerly president of the Venezuela Tribunal at Paris; M. Rolin-Jaequemyns, formerly Belgian Minister of the Interior and now a member of the Hague Tribunal; Professor Westlake of the University of Cambridge in England; Professor Pasquale Fiore of the University of Naples; and several distinguished members of the Peace Conference of the Hague. A few contributions have already been made from America. If there are others who would gladly help, their remittances may be addressed to the treasurer of the enterprise, M. Henri Boddaert, Counsellor in the Court of Appeals, 46, Coupure, Ghent, Belgium.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

Ithaca, N. Y., July 26.

THE WRITING OF HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation*, from Prof. George B. Adams of Yale, published May 28, occurred a passage that might be construed as a defence of the dry-as-dust style of writing history. The plea for this somewhat musty savor was based on the ground that historians are now collecting merely the raw material for a history, that for a long time to come no final word can be spoken, that not until that word is said will there be much occasion for literary form, and that the ultimate literary history is the far-off divine event toward which the whole (historical) creation moves. Now it is not probable that many historians will be influenced in practice by this view, either for better or worse; for it is extremely doubtful if historical writers who are equipped with Macaulayan vividness or Carlylean force deliberately lay aside those qualities, and assume a colorless medium of expression. A styleless style is usually the result not of choice but of necessity; and since necessity in this case is the mother of the lack of invention, arguments pro and con will not seriously affect the matter.

Yet I could not but reflect how much labor might have been saved to the overworked race of authors, to say nothing of teachers of English, if the same simple principle had been applied to other literary forms. For all literature—if to save discussion we except Shakespeare—is surely but a fragmentary, half-true, half-false groping after the final philosophy of life. Why, then, this premature struggle for literary form? Why did not Dickens leave us his newspaper sketches, and Thackeray his note books, and George Eliot a description of rural life supplemented by "Theophrastus Such," and Hawthorne a few aphorisms on the sin-haunted Puritan soul? Then, some distant day, when these matters are really understood, it might be worth while to put them in literary form. But unfortunately—or fortunately, the mere reader might say—novelists and poets and dramatists and a few historians have been impressed by the idea that there are two ways of treating a fact of life: as a tangible block of knowledge to be put to practical uses, or as a vivid picture of life itself. It takes more literary skill to present it in the latter form. "Samuel Budget, the successful grocer," tells you that the sun rose. As a fact this is strictly accurate. A painter puts his soul into the new day on canvas: it is the same fact, though recorded in a different style.

For my own part I am no student of history; I am merely one of the Reading Public; and I shudder to think how dense would be the night of my historical ignorance, which even now is a dim gray twilight, were it not that Motley, and Gibbon, and Macaulay, and Prescott persisted in writing works that were literary as well as historical. The Serious Student of History will tell me that some of these authors present erroneous ideas; but at least they do present them, and they are probably more accurate than historical novels, on which I should otherwise be forced to depend. And the ordinary Reading Public, of which I again confess to being a part, ought to get its history somewhere; but it will not unless it is readable. If it does not get its history—that is, if it does not read history—and so fails to profit by the wisdom and folly of former days, it must still go on making history that will ultimately seriously affect the story told in that final artistic product of minute research, which, it may be feared, will come too late by several generations.

For it is a difficult thing to know even a passage of history, and a more difficult thing to relate it. The only bit of history I feel that I know is a fragment of the civil war. I know the thrill that ran through a little New England town at the fall of Sumter; I know the enthusiasm of the rally in the town hall; I feel the oppression of the white-lipped silence in an old farm house when the newly-enlisted soldiers came home; the wild heat of the unreflecting charge on the slopes of Round Top, the horror of hospital service, the bitterness mellowing slowly like the gold of succeeding autumns—these things form a scrap of authentic history, that I know as no history that I have read has told them. I do not care to wait until the aim of all historical study is attained to see them adequately treated. I am not convinced that the only field for the historian is the collection of raw material.

W. E. AIKEN.

Mount Hermon, Mass., July 21.

"HOT WILL FOR TEMPERATE LAW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent outpouring of Executive wrath recalls the following from Chapman's translation of Homer, Book i., lines 285-7:

"But this man breaks all such bonds; he affects,
past all men, height;
All would in his power hold, all make his subjects, give to all
His hot will for a temperate law."

AUSTEN G. FOX.

Wickford, R. I., July 27.

"THE MYSTERY OF CRUELTY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I offer a concrete instance to illustrate your editorial, "The Mystery of Cruelty," May 28? A day or two ago I heard a man talking substantially as follows:

"Yes, there are a good many snakes around the quarry. In spring, before the snow is melted, the workmen will sometimes find a lot of them in a crevice of rock, rolled up into a frozen ball. The fun is to put this ball of snakes on a level place, build a circular fire round them, and see them thaw out and try to get away."

I grant that it may be desirable to kill the snakes about the quarry. But why torture them? N. J.

New York, July 29.

Notes.

T. Fisher Unwin has in the press a volume called "The Birth of Modern Italy: The Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario," edited, with introduction, notes, and epilogue, by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. Jessie White Mario, the English wife of an Italian patriot, played a prominent part with her husband in the struggle for Italian independence. Her memoirs contain a good deal of new material relating to Garibaldi, Mazzini, and others, and to the stirring events in which they took part. In his "Confessioni e Battaglie" Carducci describes Jessie White Mario as "a great woman, to whom we Italians owe a great debt." For a number of years preceding her death in 1906, she was a valued correspondent of the *Nation*.

Revells will issue immediately a 600-page "English Esperanto Dictionary" prepared by Joseph Rhodes.

The Grafton Magazine of History and Genealogy is a new quarterly periodical, the first issue of which has just been brought out by The Grafton Press of New York and Boston.

Enciclopedia Filipina is the title of the first Philippine review in the lines of social and political science, history, and administration. It is a monthly, which began in February, with Felipe G. Calderón, Manila, as editor and publisher. The text is in Spanish, but a special effort is made to bring the Filipinos into touch with American publications on the subjects named above; and the co-operation of American scholars is invited.

Volumes XI. and XII. of the New York edition of "The Novels and Tales" of Henry James contain "What Maisie Knew," "In the Cage," "The Pupil," "The Aspern Papers," "The Turn of the Screw," "The Liar," and "The Two Faces." The prefaces are, as usual, devoted to Mr. James's suggestive criticisms of his own writings. "What Maisie Knew," he tells us, is "a tree that spread beyond any provision its small germ might on a first handling have appeared likely to make for it." In one of his sentences he throws an interesting light on the kind of material that particularly appeals to him:

No themes are so human as those that reflect for us, out of the confusion of life, the close connection of bliss and bale, of the things that help with the things that hurt, so dangling before us for ever that bright hard medal, of so strange an alloy, one face of which is somebody's right and ease, and the other somebody's pain and wrong.

In discussing this story, he returns to a point already made in regard to "The Awkward Age"—the way a topic will run

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away from the author: "Once 'out,' like a house dog of a temper above confinement, it defies the mere whistle, it roams, it hunts, it seeks out and 'sees' life." The idea of "The Pupil" came to Mr. James one day in a hot Italian railway carriage, when a friend chanced to tell him of "a wonderful American family, an odd, adventurous, extravagant band, of high but rather unauthenticated pretensions, the most interesting member of which was a small boy, acute and precocious, afflicted with a heart of weak action, but beautifully intelligent, who saw their prowling, precarious life exactly as it was, and measured and judged it, and measured and judged *them*, all round, ever so quaintly; presenting himself, in short, as an extraordinary little person." This Mr. James regarded as "a thumping windfall." "In the Cage" recalls the author's "irrepressible and insatiable, his extravagant and immoral, interest in personal character, and in the 'nature' of a mind, of almost any mind the heaving little sea of his subject may cast up. And this also, we may add, must be the interest which a reader finds in Henry James's stories. "The Aspern Papers" was suggested to him by certain aspects of the affair of Byron and Jane Clairmont; but he covered his tracks by "postulating a comparative American Byron to match an American Miss Clairmont." "The Turn of the Screw" was written as a "Christmas-tide toy," based on "the vividest little note for sinister romance" that Mr. James had ever jotted down. "The Two Faces" he looks upon as a neat "example of the turn of the *whole* coach and pair in the contracted court, without the 'spill' of a single passenger or the derangement of a single parcel." These stories and Mr. James's comment raise a number of points which we shall reserve for discussion till the series is completed.

The Oxford edition of "The Poetical Works" of Keats has just been issued (Henry Frowde), with an introduction and textual notes by H. Buxton Forman. The text and the critical apparatus are the same as those of the handsome edition of 1906, from the same press (see the *Nation* of January 10, 1907, p. 32), but the paper is thinner, the margins are narrower, and the type is less generously leaded.

The series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribners) would be incomplete without Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," and yet the admirable reprint of this famous text by the State of Massachusetts in 1898 renders a new edition almost unnecessary. The accessory matter accompanying the present reprint is, however, welcome, and sufficiently justifies its appearance. The introduction and notes by the late Hon. William T. Davis, president of the Pilgrim Society, and historian of Plymouth, are excellent, and the text, freed from the uncouth and incorrect forms, ye, yt, yey, wth, wch, which have so long disfigured reprints of seventeenth century manuscripts, is an improvement on that of 1898. The facsimiles represent the first page of the manuscript, the beginning of Book ii., on which occurs the text of the Mayflower compact, and the title-page of "Mourt's Relation." The map is a reproduction, somewhat reduced, of Smith's map of New England in its fifth state, representing the map as it would stand in the freshest copies procurable in 1620. An index covering seventeen pages is a welcome novelty. Mr. Davis has performed his editorial functions with good judgment and without prejudice, and has kept his comments refreshingly free from the incense of ancestor worship. His recognition of the undue significance hitherto attached to the Mayflower compact and his classification of it as merely a "plantation covenant," though he does not employ the phrase, is deserving of special commendation. He has utilized Marsden's researches into the history of the Mayflower and its captain, though he is inclined to regard the English scholar's identification of the vessel as "not proven," and he has incorporated in his footnotes references to the Bradford letter which Marsden discovered among the unarranged miscellania of the High Court of Admiralty in England. He has not, however, deemed it necessary to secure copies of the accompanying letters of Altham and Bridge, which were sent over as exhibits in the suit of Stevens and Fell against the Plymouth Colony in 1624, and throw light on the Kennebec venture. Mr. Davis's critical discussion of the contents of "Mourt's Relation" and his belief that Richard Gardiner, not Robert Cushman, wrote the John Pierce letter contained in that work, seem to us reasonable and convincing. Bradford's accuracy in the copying of quoted texts has often been commented upon, and now a new bit of evidence can be presented to strengthen the proof of his scrupulous painstaking. The order in council on p. 289 is the only copy of this document known to exist, but when compared with the minute in the Privy Council Register, it is found to reproduce the text almost *litteratim*. A few slight differences in spelling are the only points on which the formal order differs in any way from the informal minute.

James H. Moore, in his "Defence of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" (Raleigh, N. C.), replies to the recent volume of William H. Hoyt in no half-hearted manner. Unfortunately, he possesses neither the historical sense nor the critical acumen of Mr. Hoyt, and is obliged to rest his case upon the tradition of the Declaration and the good character of those who have directly or indirectly given their evidence in favor of the document. How little of contemporary record exists on the subject is well known; how capable of a double interpretation that record is, the two writers show. But in the strength of argument the balance is on the side of Hoyt. It is a curious psychological problem involved, for a good North Carolinian finds it difficult to rob his State of the credit of so early a declaration of independence expressed in the very phrases of the Jefferson paper. But it is impossible to conceive that the North Carolina delegates in Congress suppressed the Mecklenburg defiance, that Stevenson, our minister to England, was little short of a thief, or that there existed a conspiracy among Jefferson's friends to do away with all the records relating to the declaration. Mr. Moore writes with sentiment, with little historical method, and is daunted by no aspect of the question as presented by those on the other side. As a complete expression of what can be said in favor of the declaration his book has value.

To writers who have not published any considerable work the American Historical Association offers the Justin Winsor prize of $200 for the best unpublished monograph on some subject in American history. Manuscripts offered in competition must be submitted before October 1, 1908, to the committee of award. Details may be ascertained from Charles H. Hull, Ithaca, N. Y.

The grasp of general ideas, the sound and penetrating criticism, the orderly marshalling of material, and the literary virtues of "Studies in New England Transcendentalism," by Harold Clarke Goddard (The Columbia University Press), lift this thesis above the mass of ephemeral doctoral dissertations, and give it permanent and substantial value. The main purposes of the investigation here undertaken are two: To discover first what were the sources of New England transcendentalism, immediate and remote; and, second, how far justified, as applied to the leaders of the movement, is the popular definition of transcendental, "transcending commonsense." The union of humor and sympathy displayed in the discussion of the second question interests the reader and illumines the subject. The answer, however, that the transcendentalist curiously fused in himself much practical sense with much theoretical nonsense is less contributory than that given to the first question. In dealing with this complex problem of the sources of the intellectual movement of a whole generation, Dr. Goddard shrewdly avoids the snare of superficial parallelisms, and commits himself with distinct success to pregnant generalizations. The main line of his argument is that transcendentalism was neither a wholly indigenous product, nor, as is commonly asserted, an importation from Germany, but rather the logical culmination of general tendencies of European thought in a union of the two separate eighteenth century currents, skepticism on the intellectual side, sentimentalism on the emotional side. It is a mistake, he points out, to speak of the new era as a mere revolt from the old. The French Revolution demonstrated the impossibility of any wholesale repudiation of the past. The new era cannot descend from heaven; it must spring from the marriage of existent elements: "Locke plus Richardson gives us Rousseau." "If Wordsworth came to bury theism from the dead." The age of pure reason was discredited by a growing conviction that "the practical and moral sides of a man's nature play a part in his apprehension of the truth." The metaphysical stimulus of transcendentalism came from Germany. But the transcendentalists were no great metaphysicians; and they were emotionally ripe for transcendentalism before Germany touched them. Their spiritual ancestry runs, broadly speaking, thus: Calvinism branches into Unitarianism and Orthodoxy, with Unitarianism on the left; Unitarianism branches into Transcendentalism and intellectual Conservatism, with Transcendentalism on the left. The whole movement thus appears as a "French Revolution of American religion," proceeding logically out of the typically eighteenth century phenomenon, early American Unitarianism. From the practical extravagances and moral anarchy of the analogous European movement, the Concord revolutionists were preserved by the solid in-

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crement of New England Puritanism—also, it should be added, by certain social and political differences of which Dr. Goddard does not take much account, and which, having largely disappeared, no longer suffice to keep the anarchy of the successors of the transcendentalists wholly in the theoretical sphere.

It is a pleasure to record two additions to the cleanly-printed York Library of George Bell & Sons. One of these is Goethe's "Poetry and Truth from My Own Life" in a revised translation (2 vols.), by Minna Steele Smith, with an introduction and bibliography by Dr. Karl Breul. The earlier versions needed revision, and these corrections together with Dr. Breul's essay render the present volumes by no means superfluous. The other addition is also a volume of translations—Calverley's "Idylls of Theocritus and Eclogues of Virgil." This serious work of the famous humorist, exquisite both in taste and in faithfulness to the original, ought to be better known than it is; here, if anywhere, the Strephon and Amaryllis of ancient Arcadia sigh in the right British tongue. Prof. R. Y. Tyrrell furnishes a clever and appropriate introduction to the book.

Those who care to have in permanent form Sir Oliver Lodge's pseudo-scientific argument on "The Immortality of the Soul" will be pleased to know that his papers on that topic in the *Hibbert Journal* for January and April of 1908 have been reprinted as a book by the Ball Publishing Company of Boston.

No philosopher, packing his valise for a summer holiday, should fail to put in "The Grammar of Philosophy," by David Graham (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). He may find other lay contributions to philosophy that are as anachronistic and as absurd; but he will not in many summers find another so breezily refreshing in its anachronism and so consistently amusing in its absurdity. It is a robustious apology, by a Scotch barrister, for the philosophy of the Scottish school; and it admirably conforms to the definition of that philosophy once given by an unsympathetic expositor, who said that it consisted in regarding everything as an intuitive and necessary truth which the Scottish philosopher had been taught before he was twelve years old. In the blessed and reverently capitalized name of Common Sense, all the great non-Caledonian thinkers and even the heterodox Scots—Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Mill, Darwin, Leslie Stephen—are quite simply shown to be intellectually akin to the inmates of Bedlam, though less consistent than the latter in the matter of practice. Intuitive ethical truths like those of mathematics; the argument from design; the foundation of the legal institution of the dock in the eternal nature of things—these and many similar archaisms are triumphantly demonstrated. The prevailing mode of argument is like this (p. 252):

> None of these theories [hedonism, utilitarianism, determinism, *somewhat oddly* grouped together] are worthy of much attention, inasmuch as they all stand in point-blank opposition to Daylight and Common Sense. If there be a person in the whole world who *really* believes in such theories, he "neither kens the hert o' a Hielandman, nor the honour o' a gentleman." That noble person, Evan Maccombich, will look upon him with utter scorn.

In showing the paramount authority of Common Sense, we sweep all such systems into the kennel.

Of itself the Scottish philosophy is usually as little enlivening as it is convincing; but it becomes a real addition to the pleasures of life, when so much else that is magnificently Scotch (of a certain type) goes to the defending of it—such a grimly humorous contempt for all alien creeds; such solemn and elaborate jocosity; so thorough a belief in the subtly ironic effect of the unaided exclamation-point; so splendid a command of the English dictionary (imperfectly supported by grammar and idiom), especially in its more damnatory and more sesquipedalian portions; so perfect an imperviosity to any other man's points; and so hearty and unconcealed a gusto in one's own infallibility. Nothing so excellent in this vein has appeared since the lamented death of Professor Blackie.

Charles Johnston (Flushing, N. Y.) has written and printed what, all things considered, can be recommended as the most satisfactory version of the "Bhagavad Gita" in the English language. It would be possible to point to a good many passages in which, in the opinion of the present reviewer, he has not used the best equivalent for the technical terms of the Sanskrit or has failed to reproduce the force of the original. Thus it seems a doubtful, if not misleading, departure from custom to write "Soul" instead of "Self." The word Self has become pretty well naturalized as the equivalent for the Sanskrit Atman, which is both the ordinary reflexive pronoun "self" and the infinite inner nature of man. "Soul," by which we commonly mean a persisting *personal* individuality, introduces an utterly wrong connotation. Again, such a phrase as *nirmama* is rendered flatly by Mr. Johnston "without the sense of possessing"; it might be put more literally and more vividly, "who says not This is mine." But withal these are matters where opinion may differ; Mr. Johnston's work never fails from ignorance; it is as a whole forcible and true. His introductions to the various books show a wide knowledge of the thorny ways of Hindu philosophy, and, if anything, too complete a confidence that the "Bhagavad Gita" has fused the various beliefs of India into a homogeneous and universally adaptable creed. Perhaps the most striking section of the introduction is that in which he deals with the Hindu people at large, and shows the part played by the various races, or castes, in creating the national religion. Mr. Johnston is firmly convinced that the "wisdom of India" was the property of the Rajput race, or Kshatriyans, whom he relates to the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans, and that it was by them imparted to the Brahmans. All scholars are not so certain of this matter; but whether Kshatriyans or Brahmans discovered the secret, those who wish now to get at the heart of that mystifying people cannot do better than go to the "Bhagavad Gita," and they cannot find a better translation than Mr. Johnston's.

In "The Philosophical Basis of Religion" (The Macmillan Co.), Prof. John Watson has brought together two series of lectures, one given before the Brooklyn Institute, the other before the Theological Alumni Association of Queen's University, Kingston. Convinced that the theology of the future must take the form of a philosophy of religion, the author begins by showing that all attempts to base religion on authority fail to satisfy the modern mind, and that we must either abandon all systematic thought in this field or rebuild our theological beliefs on the basis of reason. Starting from Kant, he outlines a speculative idealism which affords such a basis, criticising with much acuteness the theory of personal idealism and the new realism. The lectures on the Interpretation of Religious Experience—devoted chiefly to Professor James and Pragmatism—and on Christianity and History—against Harnack—are among the most interesting in the volume. The following lectures deal with epochs in the history of philosophical theology (Philo, Gnosticism, Augustine, Mediæval Theology, Leibnitz, and Protestant Theology), concluding with a discussion of the relations of God and the World, and God and Man, from the point of view of speculative idealism. The author describes his work as "mainly essays in the reconstruction and history of religious belief." To this great and urgent task he has made a noteworthy contribution.

Prof. Paul Haupt's "Book of Nahum" (Johns Hopkins Press) contains a "restoration" of the Hebrew text, with a corresponding metrical translation, and with explanatory and critical notes, which string together much curious and not always strictly pertinent learning. Professor Haupt has discovered that the book is a liturgical compilation for the celebration of the victory of Judas Maccabaeus over Nicanor in 161 B. C. The first two of the four poems of which the reconstructed book consists were inspired by the Maccabaean struggle; the last two were written by Nahum, an Israelitish poet in Assyria. Of the latter, one was composed shortly before the fall of Nineveh in 606 B. C.; the other, after that event. The second poem is made up of Nahum iii., 1-7; i., 11, 14; ii., 1; i., 12, 15; ii., 2. The city addressed is Antioch; ii., 1 is a play on the name Maccabaeus ("The Hammer"). The positiveness of these divinatory pronouncements is equalled only by the arbitrariness of the critical procedure.

In the Sammlung illustrierter Einzeldarstellungen, edited by Cornelius Gurlitt (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), Volumes XXIV. and XXX., just out, are entitled "Moderne Theologie und Kultur," by Th. Kappstein. The leading purpose is to show the relation of theology to modern thought, chiefly through studies of the views of representatives of the various theological tendencies, especially Adolf Harnack, Otto Pfleiderer, Adolf Schlatter, Reinhold Seeberg, and Ludwig Lemme.

Of the standard work of Catholic scholarship, the "Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters," by Ludwig Pastor, the fourth volume has been issued by Herder of Freiburg-im-B. Its individual title is "Geschichte der Päpste im Zeitalter der Renaissance und der Glaubensspaltung von der Wahl Leos X. bis zum Tode Klemens VII. (1513-1534)." This section, however, deals only with Adrian VI. and Clement VII. The characteristic feature of this work is the use of new sources; the title page correctly says that the author has had the use of Papal secret archives in Rome; and the list of archives and

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libraries, added as an appendix, mentions ninety-three collections of manuscripts in forty-four different cities. Catholic scholarship can be proud of this work, which adds so much to our knowledge of certain Popes. Thus, Pope Clement VII. had up to this day not yet found a biographer; yet Pastor has discovered such an abundance of unused data on this pontiff that he can devote nearly five hundred pages of a total of eight hundred to him alone. The pathetic story of the brief reign of Adrian VI., the last German and at the same time the last non-Italian Pope, is especially interesting on account of the special literature in the Netherlands on this period here used completely and virtually for the first time.

The former Jesuit and convert to Protestantism, Count Paul von Hoensbroech, has added two new publications to his anti-Catholic works (Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel). In his "Rom und das Zentrum," he discusses the political policies of the present Pope and his two predecessors. The purpose is to show that the Centre, or Catholic, party in the German Parliament is virtually under the direct dictation of the Vatican. The second work, "Die katholisch-theologischen Fakultäten im Organismus der preussischen Staatsuniversitäten," aims to prove that in their dependence on the creed of the church, the Catholic faculties cannot be regarded as bodies of independent scholars and accordingly should not constitute a part of the universities.

A work of interest in view of Luther's faith in the devil is "Dr. Martin Luthers Krankheiten und deren Einfluss auf seinen körperlichen und geistigen Zustand" (Stuttgart: Ferdinand Enke) by Prof. W. Ebstein.

The Verband evangelischer Buchhändler, an influential national organization of German book publishers, has just brought out the issue for 1907 of its "Verzeichnis der evangelischen Presse." It reports in full name, editor, publisher, circulation, etc., of the entire nine hundred and more periodicals of Germany with pronounced Christian tendencies, the total circulation of which is more than nine million.

The Buchgewerbe-Verein of Leipzig arranged for six lectures by prominent scholars on the relation of the publishing business to modern culture, and these have now been issued by B. G. Teubner, Leipzig, under the title "Das Buchgewerbe und die Kultur," as a volume of the series Aus Natur und Geisteswelt. Prof. R. Focke, Posen, discusses "Das Buchgewerbe und die Wissenschaft"; Prof. G. Wittkowsky, Leipzig, "Das Buchgewerbe und die Literatur"; Prof. R. Kautzsch, Darmstadt, "Das Buchgewerbe und die Kunst"; Dr. H. Hermelink, Leipzig, "Das Buchgewerbe und die Religion"; Prof. R. Wuttke, Dresden, "Buchgewerbe und Staat," and Dr. H. Waentig, Halle, "Buchgewerbe und Volkswirtschaft."

The three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University of Jena, celebrated this year, has been the occasion for the publication (Jena: Diederichs) of an interesting picture of German academic life in the seventeenth century, entitled "Ein Jenaer Student um 1630," edited by Edmund Kelter. The story is reproduced from manuscripts in the Hamburg City Library, written by Eberhard von Todenwert, a Darmstadt nobleman, who studied at Jena.

"Märchengold für grosse und kleine Leute," by Gustav Adolf Müller (Leipzig: Eduard Moerter), is an interesting collection of fables, old and new, in attractive poetical form. The work is more adapted to the needs of the average reader, especially the young, than to the student of folklore.

The Gyldendal Publishing Company (Copenhagen and Chicago) has just issued the first volume of a serial entitled "Mindesmærker af Danmarks Nationallitteratur" (Monuments of Denmark's National Literature), which purposes to give a selection of the earlier, as well as the modern (but not contemporaneous), Danish literature in cheap and handy, well printed, and decently bound (cloth) volumes. It is the intention that the collection, which is to be increased by at least two volumes a year, under the editorial supervision of Prof. Vilh. Andersen of the University of Copenhagen, shall comprise: (1) individual masterpieces with comprehensive introduction, and copious notes (*e. g.*, some of Holberg's comedies, Oehlenschläger's heroic poems, Paludan-Müller's "Adam Homo," Drachmann's "Forskrevet," etc.); (2) selections from prominent authors (like the present first volume containing selections from Sören Kierkegard, with introduction and notes by Carl Koch); (3) selections of the products of a period (the pre-Christian age, the Middle age, etc.); and (4) selections of prominent products of a specific poetic genre or a special science (*e. g.*, fiction, lyrics, historical writing, etc.). Students of Danish literature will here have an opportunity of obtaining easily and cheaply the most important and characteristic productions of Danish genius, judiciously chosen.

The announcement is made that all the German universities, except perhaps that of Rostock, will be open next semester to women on exactly the same terms as to men. On the other hand, however, the Prussian Cultus Minister has announced that as a matter of principle women will not be permitted to enter the university teaching corps as privatdocents.

William Potts, who died in Philadelphia July 29, at the age of seventy, was much interested in civil service reform and in all charitable and philanthropic work. He had been secretary of the Brooklyn Civil Service Reform Association, of the New York Civil Service Reform Association, and of the National Civil Service Reform League. Of this last organization, as well as of the Outdoor Recreation League, he had also been vice-president. He was author of "Noblesse Oblige" (1880), "Evolution of Vegetable Life" (1889), "Evolution of Social Reform" (1890), "Form and Color in Nature" (1891), "The Monetary Problem" (1892), "From a New England Hillside" (1895), "More Notes from Underledge" (1904).

Samuel Cheetham, archdeacon and canon of Rochester, England, died July 19 at the age of eighty-one. He was a graduate of Cambridge, and he had been professor of pastoral theology in King's College, London. He contributed many articles to Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," and he was author of "A History of the Christian Church during the First Six Centuries" (1894), "The Mysteries, Pagan and Christian" (1897), and "Mediæval Church History, a Sketch" (1899).

Canon Charles Bigg, who had been Regius professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford since 1901, has died at the age of sixty-eight. Among his publications are some small editions of Greek classical authors and "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria" (1886), "Neoplatonism" (1895), and "Wayside Sketches in Ecclesiastical History." He had also edited St. Augustine's Confessions, the "De Imitatione," and Law's "Serious Call."

The death is announced of the German author, Leo Berg, who was born in 1862 and educated at the University of Berlin. He was a frequent contributor to German periodical literature. Among his writings are "Der Naturalismus" (1892), "Der Uebermensch in der modernen Literatur" (1897), "Gefesselte Kunst" (1901), "Henrik Ibsen" (1901), and "Geschlecter" (1906).

POVERTY IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE.

L'Assistance et l'état en France à la veille de la révolution. (Généralités de Paris, Rouen, Alençon, Orléans, Châlons, Soissons, Amiens.) Par Camille Bloch. Paris: Picard.

After all that has been written upon the French Revolution, it seems incredible that at present a group of scholars should be engaged upon what promises to become a complete reconstruction of the whole story. Here, as elsewhere in history, the "old masters" are going. Michelet's brilliant intuitions, Carlyle's inadequate equipment, or Taine's hasty examination of such sources as suited his preconception of how things happened, are no longer to be tolerated as history. Even the collections of sources, which gave the student of a generation ago his closest touch with reality, are being replaced by more accurate and scholarly editions—and the errors which have been pointed out are not infrequently appalling. The men whom Professor Aulard of the Sorbonne has inspired with his mixture of *civisme*, enthusiasm for the Revolution, and zeal in research, are at work in the provincial as well as the national archives of France, upon that minute examination of the records of the obscure and commonplace, which an earlier generation did not deem worth its attention. In their work one sees the spirit of the new Sorbonne—keenly skeptical, laborious, and scientific upon its critical side, not seldom warm with sympathy, limited, or even blinded by prejudice upon its constructive side. Canons of textual criticism are seldom violated in the study of sources. There are few who know so well the relative value of the different kinds of material out of which history is made as these

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Sorbonnese. But all the warnings of all the Langlois or Seignobos cannot repress the subjective element in the narrative based upon this carefully assorted material. This, however, is true more or less of all history. In investigation, it is a science; in presentation, an art. In any case, it is not too much to say that through the work of Aulard and his men and the too little appreciated labors of Jean Jaurès we are bound some day to know the real forces of the Revolution more accurately than we are ever likely to know the reality behind any movement in European history preceding it.

The book before us is a notable contribution, not merely to the history of France, but also to that of charity and the question of poverty in general. Dr. Bloch, an Aulard man, has attempted to gather up the results of the previous study which his subject has received from investigators of the *généralités*, or administrative divisions, of north central France in the Old Régime, and has added to this a search in archives for everything essential to the accuracy or completeness of his survey. The result is a fine piece of scholarship and an important addition to the literature upon the Old Régime. Every device familiar to the research worker is invoked to make the book indispensable—exhaustive, classified bibliographies, careful references, illustrative and explanatory foot-notes, index, and analyzed table of contents. The text is simple and to the point, based for the most part directly upon the original sources. A general historical introduction traces hurriedly the treatment of the poor in France from the sixteenth century, but the body of the book is concerned with the problem from 1764 to 1788. The descriptions which follow, forming the opening section, are hardly more than an arrangement of facts, with a little comment wedged in. The arrangement is a good one: first the poverty of the country, then that of the city, then following the pauper out into his career of mendicity and crime. After this come the institutions that look after him, the rôle of the Church, the laicized hospitals of the sixteenth century, the treatment of the sick, and other offices of charity. These first four chapters form a book in themselves, one that cannot easily be surpassed for concentrated human tragedy. The second section, "Reforms," covers the efforts made by the government, by such men as Turgot and Necker, during the years from 1764 to 1788, to better the lot of the poor. The third section takes up the formation of the Revolutionary doctrine of state aid, and the volume closes with the programme of the committee on mendicity of the National Assembly in 1790.

The subject is in every way an interesting one. It forms a part of the prolegomena to that war against poverty which is beginning to absorb the attention of European governments—and our own—and is invading literature and art. Here we already have the "poverty line," made familiar by recent sociology. In Versailles itself, the city of luxury, there were some 5,000 who were dependent upon that meagre wage below which lie beggary and starvation. Versailles, however, was well off compared with Rheims, with its 10,000 workmen reduced to pauperism whenever work was slack; or Vendome, with its 1,200 beggars out of 6,500 inhabitants. Statistics from the Old Régime are, of course, untrustworthy; but the probability is that Dr. Bloch's estimate of the proportion of indigent to self-supporting will stand. In Paris it was about 10 per cent.

It is impossible to follow our author into the crowded detail of any of these divisions of his work. But we wish to commend especially that part in which is traced the awakening conscience of France. One realizes now a little better the religious intensity of the gospel of Rousseau. But the awakening of social conscience does not necessarily mean achievement. If any one thing stands out clearly from this volume, it is that the elevation of the submerged class can never be accomplished by benevolent despotisms. Even wise Turgot saw but a little way into the tangled problem, and how futile were his efforts! There is no larger chapter in the history of human futility than that of the benevolent despots of the eighteenth century. Charity is merely part of this benevolent futility. In the next place, and as a corollary, the class that suffers must emancipate itself. Self-interest, that most potent of all historic forces, must be instructed and educated. It, not benevolence, wins the revolutions. This fact is understood by Socialists to-day. It is the root of much of their strength with the masses. A careful study of the second and third sections of this book will cast light upon the force of some present-day movements.

While heartily commending Dr. Bloch's book, we are tempted to add a word of warning as to its use. The feeling of the reader, as he lays it down, will be one of absolute depression. It would seem from its tragic story of suffering and abortive attempts at alleviation, attempts sometimes too cruel for words, that Taine did not paint too darkly, after all. That sombre chapter upon "Le Peuple" will stand. People did eat grass and die like flies. They did find themselves reduced by whole villages to beggary. It is this first impression which one must not let grow into an over-emphasis. To be sure, there was poverty, awful poverty; but one must not deduce a whole philosophy of history from that. It would be absolutely false to view the whole of the Old Régime through the dark glass of this intensive study of but one of its many phases. Against this volume one must set a similar analysis of the middle class; there were capitalists then as now, so many of them and so strong in their new wealth that they, not these suffering masses, made the Revolution. Indeed, as Dr. Bloch expressly states, the outward appearance of pre-revolutionary France was prosperous. The new industrial and commercial activities were enriching the country. We know that the Church was enormously wealthy, and the nobility, with its sinecures and privileges, was a rather large fraction of the population—perhaps one noble family to a town. They had thousands of dependents, not seldom getting rich from the folly of their masters. We must be careful not to lose our perspective when we are beginning to know more about one phase of society than we knew before. We need only glance at our daily press to see how the historian must guard himself against exaggerating the importance of known over that of unknown phenomena. On the same evening on which a ball in a Fifth Avenue house cost $50,000, men on the Bowery were fighting for the chance to earn a few cents shovelling snow. One can imagine what material the historian of a future century may find in the congestion exhibit last winter in the American Museum of Natural History. But the great mass of New Yorkers live apart from these things—in fact, hardly know of them. So, as we look back at the Old Régime in France, let us not forget its infinite variety, even while we face the tragic depth of its misery and suffering.

CURRENT FICTION.

Villa Rubein. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Island Pharisees. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The "Villa Rubein," which appeared in England in 1900, is now rewritten and brought out for the first time in America; and "The Island Pharisees" is also advertised as rewritten throughout. Both, we may add, have been improved by revision. They are not great works, but they are earnest, and are carefully finished. The style shows the results of artistic solicitude. It has the precision and compact force that come from pruning. It has also, what is rare in the fiction of to-day, a distinct prose rhythm. In fact, the rhythm in the later book seems occasionally a little over-meditated, so that here and there considerable runs of pure iambics occur. But in the main the diction has a crispness, terseness, and vitality that war-

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rant former readers in turning to these novels again.

The author announces that the "Villa Rubein" is a "plain story." If one had not read "The Island Pharisees," one might take him at his word. On the face of it, "Villa Rubein" is an almost old-fashioned story of family life, with a good deal of interest in two or three strongly marked types. The head of the household, situated in Botzen, Austria, is a widower, Paul von Morawitz, a drinking, pleasure-loving roué, who has pulled himself together for the sake of his maidenly daughter Christian and her little sister Greta. Mrs. Decie, an insignificant person, his wife's sister, and Nicholas Treffry, her brother, a bluff but soft-hearted old gentleman of seventy, are also members of the household. The action arises through the appearance upon the scene of Alois Harz, a man of peasant birth, anarchistic past, and a passion for art. Christian and Harz fall in love, but the family is up in arms at the suggestion of marriage. Even old Treffry, exceedingly fond of his niece, cannot swallow the young man's past. But after a much protracted illness this uncle dies, and leaves his property to Christian. Whereupon, in the most quiet and ordinary way, the young couple are married and go to England, where the artist devotes himself to his calling. One wonders what is the motive of the book. It is so much like life as to be meaningless. The absolutely tame ending obscures its drift.

Light breaks in "The Island Pharisees." Shelton, an eminently respectable idle young man of the upper middle class, is engaged to marry Antonia Dennant, an equally respectable and very normal healthy English girl. They have rather foolishly agreed to see nothing of each other for some weeks prior to the marriage. In that fatal interim Shelton has a number of adventures which rouse his disgust for the conventional ways of the world. He meets with a young French vagabond who sponges on him, and at the same time attracts him by his indifference to the customary modes of life. A woman of the town is arrested for accosting him. He drops in at a wedding, and it seems very formal. He visits Oxford and the old dons appear very dull. He is present at a dog fight and the standers-by refuse to pull off the bigger dog. He is worked up into the state where he can write to his lady-love: "There is something about human nature that is awfully repulsive, and the healthier people are, the more repulsive they seem to be." When Antonia discovers his theoretical difference from other people, she loses her love for him, but still feels bound to marry him. That is to Shelton the last proof of rottenness in the state, and he breaks the engagement. There the story ends.

In his preface Mr. Galsworthy says that all authors love to be abused, and he begs "criticism welling out of the instinctive likings or aversions, out of the very fibre of the human being who delivers it." Well, then, the present critic feels an instinctive liking for human nature, including healthy people, and an instinctive aversion for love-sick puppies like Shelton. Saying this, he stamps himself in Mr. Galsworthy's eyes a Pharisee. At the same time he wishes to believe that he understands what Mr. Galsworthy is driving at. Shelton, says his creator, is not a Pharisee; he is the one virile soul in a hundred who knows that "whatever is, is wrong." He is intended as an apostle of discontent to accomplish among the upper classes what Gorky has done among the Russian peasants, and what Tolstoy has done for all classes. Like the hero of the "Resurrection," he is meant to be the symbol of the awakened spirit shaking off its old fetters and reaching forth to new and better forms. But Shelton falls immeasurably short of his purpose; he is too weak a vessel for his message, emotionally and intellectually. Wishing to strike at the fundamental evils of society, he succeeds only in impeaching order and respectability. He is not virile, but puerile. He has not one constructive thought. He has merely been touched by a low fever of socialistic unrest, and vague and watery humanitarian sympathy.

The Princess Dehra. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Yes, she is one of the clan. Her name betrays it. Her provinces confirm it. They are Valeria, Lotzenia, Porgia. She has an aristocratic bearing and a beautiful face, and a smile that would be called by a playwright a practicable smile, for it flashes and dazzles and achieves. But, most of all, she has a Cause and a wildly enthusiastic following, her only foes being a rejected lover and his makeshift lass. And there is more: while the populace clamors to make Dehra the Queen, she is all for the claims of her true love, the Colonel of the Red Huzzars, who has been heard of before. He is an American, and at the same time a scion of the royal stock. "I likely shall," he says in an American moment, but when the blood of old Hugo and the great ancestral Henry is up he can cry, like the Archduke he is, "Oh, woman! Oh, faith, and intuition, and loyalty beyond the stars!" And since language is nothing if not contagious, we find the "Woman in Black," her of the "sinuous indolence," with "raven hair and dead-white cheek," bidding her Ferdinand "get busy"; while he, a Dalberg, who addresses his enemy with, "How say you, cousin?" like any mediæval knight, replies to his charmer that the laugh is on him. The peerless Dehra, at whose name every woman curtsies, and every man uncovers, stoops graciously to the domestic level of the plain reader by her human habit of sitting on the corner of desk or table, "one foot on a chair, the other dangling," while she receives an official visit from her ducal foe. Thus may romance be sung in rag-time. Thus may royalty abate its dazzle that even cats may look.

The Lost Article is a Book of the Dalberg Laws and though it is a large object, it remains cunningly hidden through the story, from the true prince and princess, while the villain and the reader are in the secret. Not to be outdone by a villain, the reviewer discloses no mysteries, but promises the reader a lively chase from castle to council room, a clatter of swords, and a sharper clash of wits. Perhaps situation has never reached a greater altitude than in the scene where the two claimants are fighting with swords in one part of the library, their two lady friends doing the same in another, and receiving occasional coaching from the combatants of the sterner sex in such measure as their pressing preoccupation admits, while the Book slowly burns in the fireplace.

Gleam o' Dawn. By Arthur Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This story, set in a familiar French-Canadian and Indian atmosphere, is lifted out of the common by its grace, its portraiture, its situations. Of the last, indeed, there are perhaps too many. One is tempted to think that a masterly short story has been partly sacrificed to the mistaken call of length. The contest in the heart of the half-breed hero between the inborn clamorings and claims of two races, if not a new theme, is at least not treated in a common way. But it becomes mere repetition after it has dramatically said its say a certain number of times; and even the picturesque wording shares the same fate, to the point of wearisomeness. The personality of the young man is charmingly conveyed in scenes that recall a little the whirling breeziness of Owen Wister's "Virginian."

Russia's Message: The True World Import of the Revolution. By William English Walling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.

A history, particularly of the things of yesterday and to-day, which sets out from a highly personal point of view and proceeds in a white heat of censure and advocacy would seem to be courting immediate damnation. Is not the document the sole foundation, and the massive footnote the only pillar of scientific history? They may be. Yet Mr. Walling, though he violates the law of historiography as it is handed down to us from Germany, has given us by far

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the most noteworthy study of the late Russian upheaval that has appeared in this country, and one of the very few first-rate books on the subject that have been written anywhere. We have, of course, Mackenzie Wallace's classic volume on Russia and the translation of Leroy-Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tsars"; but both of these are only old works revised to meet a new demand, and bound in consequence to make new conditions agree more or less with a thesis already laid down. Bernard Pares's "Russia and Reform" (see the *Nation* of October 10, 1907, p. 332) is the only recent work in English that adopts the thorough treatment of Wallace and Leroy-Beaulieu and carries something of their earlier authority. With Pares's book we may rank that of Mr. Walling. They differ strikingly enough in temperament, method, and conclusion; but both go beneath the surface of things. The Englishman has passed in review definite institutions, forms and figures, and gives only secondary attention to the working of inner causes. The Russian peasant is to him still the largely passive and unknown element in the life of the Russian nation. In Mr. Walling's account, however, the peasant holds the centre of the stage. It does not absolutely follow, as our author maintains, that because the *mujiks* constitute four-fifths of the Russian population, the fate of the Czar's empire must in the last result be worked out by them. Minorities may effect revolutions, just as they may maintain monarchies and guide republics. Yet *through* the Russian peasant the future of Russia must be worked out. We can imagine no solution that does not deal first of all with the peasantry. And it is in his comprehensive, intimate, and sympathetic narrative of what the Russian agricultural laborer has been in the past, and what changes have been coming over him during the last three or four years of revolutionary unrest, that the chief value of Mr. Walling's book consists.

The Russian peasant has been either not understood or misunderstood. He is not the sodden victim of centuries of ignorance and vodka that even professedly friendly accounts make him. Mr. Walling is quite justified in pillorying such summary estimates as those he quotes from Howard P. Kennard's "The Russian Peasants." To say:

> The peasant emerges from the ordeal today but the semblance of a man—a thing with half a mind, a mortal without attributes, a morbid being blessed with life alone and cursed with ignorance and imbecility until, in the twentieth century, his melancholy has become innate—

to say this is to say what is not true. For the facts are that the Russian peasant, under the very weight of the grinding régime of autocracy, has carried on the communal life of his *mir*, or village society, with a degree of intelligence which has led conservative Slavophils and revolutionaries alike to look upon that institution as the suitable basis for a regenerated Russia. When peasants assemble in village meeting to choose their local officials, to distribute and redistribute the common land and regulate its cultivation, to apportion Imperial assessments, and to mete out justice on their own members, they give indubitable signs of being at least as far removed from a state of besotted imbecility as the Italian or Prussian agricultural laborer or the Yorkshire farm-hand. The peasant drinks to excess; but the blame for the habit is still to be apportioned between the *mujik* himself and an Imperial government which draws an enormous revenue from the sale of liquor. The Russian peasant is notoriously gentle and pacific; only under direct government incitement does he lend himself to Jew-baiting and massacre. He is free from religious prejudices, and his superstitions are mitigated by shrewd recognition of the fact that his village priest is much like himself. If the peasant is primitive, our author is right in describing him also as unspoiled. He is virgin material for the rebuilding not only of Russia, but, indirectly, so Mr. Walling thinks, of the world. Here our author is at one with the patriot Slavophils, the proud contemners of Occidental civilization. The West, in their view, is corrupt. It has lost, or is fast losing, the capacity for high faith, the sense of human brotherhood, and the simplicity of heart that can work miracles. The Russian peasant has all of these.

That, then, is Russia's message to the world. Why it should speak so strongly to our author is made apparent by Mr. Walling's general economic doctrine. He is an outspoken Socialist, and he finds in the present condition of the Russian people the Socialist problem stated in its most difficult form, but offering at the same time a comprehensive solution. It has been the weakness of Marxian Socialism that its theories find little place for the agriculturist. It is industrial development that, as the Marxians see it, will bring about the economic revolution and the Socialist state. The farmer is on the whole a drag on the wheel of progress. But political Socialism has been unable to overlook the fact that the farmer has a vote, and it has come to recognize the need of modifying the original Marxian teaching so as to take into account what is, after all, the great bulk of the world's working population. In Italy and to a lesser extent in Germany the Socialist propaganda has been carried on among the rural classes. The question is a vital one in American Socialism, and remains everywhere in the West exceedingly perplexing. But how is it in Russia? There Mr. Walling finds an enormous agricultural population living under a Socialistic régime; for that is what the *mir* in essence is. The superimposed despotism of Czar and bureaucracy keeps the communal system from developing its full capacities for making man happy. Remove this burden, and Russia stands before the world, a great empire made up of Socialistic communes which know a spirit of fraternity and democracy that the West does not posses. Thus, to Mr. Walling, a free Russia rounds out the Socialist scheme admirably.

The Catholic Encyclopedia: An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others; in 15 volumes. Vol. II.: Assize to Brownr; Vol. III.: Brow to Clancy. New York: Robert Appleton Co.

The first volume of this great work was reviewed at length in the *Nation* for June 20, 1907, p. 566. The second and third volumes are marked by the same general characteristics, and maintain on the whole the same high level of excellence. Among the more notable articles are those on Augustine, an admirably fair and judicious treatment of the great father; Bishop, which gives in detail the various theories of Protestant scholars touching the origin of the monarchical episcopate; Benedictine Order; Bernard of Clairvaux; Bonaventure, in which the traditional Catholic belief in the miraculous finds expression, as in some of the biographical articles of the first volume; Byzantine Architecture, Empire, etc.; Canon of the Mass, of the Scriptures, etc.; Catacombs; Capuchin Friars; Cistercian Order; Celibacy of the Clergy, apologetic as well as historical; and Charity, in which Christian history is not unnaturally somewhat idealized. The elaborate articles on Christianity and the Church are written, of course, from the Catholic point of view. In the former the treatment is greatly simplified by considering only the Christianity which is found "realized in the Catholic Church," and excluding "those forms which are embodied in the various non-Catholic Christian sects, whether schismatical or heretical." As a sample of the characteristic lack of historical discrimination in which, however, the Catholics sin no worse than many Protestants, the following sentence may be quoted:

> We may take the apostolic messages as one self-consistent whole, any apparent discrepancies, or want of coherence, being amply accounted for by the different circumstances of their deliverance.

Australia, Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, Baltimore, Bavaria, Belgium, California, Canada, China, and other similar articles are instructive, both historically and statistically. As in the first

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volume, there are some, as for instance Avesta, Aztecs, and Buddhism, the reason for whose insertion in a Catholic Encyclopedia does not clearly appear. For a discussion of Civil Authority there might be sufficient ground, but unfortunately the article on this subject is very defective, consisting almost exclusively of a polemic against the theories of Hobbes and Rousseau, while the more germane and promising topic of Ecclesiastical Authority is deferred to a later volume. In the article on Bull Fights, written by a Spaniard, the sport is defended, and we are told that "moralists as a rule are of the opinion that bull-fighting as practised in Spain is not forbidden by the natural law." And yet the author is careful to assure us that "it is false to say that the Spanish clergy encourage these spectacles."

Giordano Bruno is treated with less sympathy and fairness than might be wished, and in the article on Bible Societies the Roman Catholic antipathy to certain features of Protestantism finds rather strong expression. On the other hand the authorized version of the Bible and the English Book of Common Prayer are spoken of with genuine appreciation. The articles on Calvin and Calvinism are on the whole surprisingly good, though there is a tendency in the latter to minimize the agreements of the reformers with Augustine, and a very inaccurate comparison of Augustine and Luther is quoted from Cardinal Newman, whose historic sense was exceedingly defective. The discussion is marred by the following sentence: "Its essence [that is the essence of the disposition characteristic of the Reformed Churches] is a concentrated pride, a love of disputation, a scorn of opponents." And the article on Cajetan is equally marred by a reference to Luther as "the proud and obstinate monk," and by the declaration that he "finally showed the insincerity of his earlier protestations by spurning the Pope and his representative alike." But in the main there is a marked absence of anti-Protestant polemic, and the general fairness and breadth of view of the work as a whole, so far as it has appeared, are highly commendable.

Millard Fillmore Papers. Edited by Frank H. Severance. 2 vols. [Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society, Vols. X. and XI.]. Buffalo: Published by the Society.

Mr. Severance is to be praised for the diligence and devotion with which he has carried through a difficult task. Not only are the Fillmore papers widely scattered, but one important collection was destroyed by direction of its owner, and another, presumably business papers, is still inaccessible. Such as are now presented have been gathered from newspapers and printed records, the files of the departments at Washington—except the War Department, which, as usual, turns a deaf ear to inquiring students—from the Library of Congress, the collections of historical societies and of individuals, and the published writings of contemporaries. Much of the material, moreover, consists of brief and often fragmentary contributions to debates in the New York Assembly or the House of Representatives, where Fillmore, though speaking frequently and to the point, rarely spoke at length, and where the value of his remarks can be weighed only by a study of the whole debate. Still another portion comprises press reports, sometimes in the third person, of remarks on public or semi-public occasions. Fillmore's public career, covering as it did the exciting years of the later slavery controversy, brought him into relations with a great number of important questions, but with the result that his utterances are, taken as a whole, somewhat heterogeneous, and make the problem of editorial selection difficult.

While Mr. Severance has evidently spared no pains, and has collected in his introduction and notes a mass of data for which some future biographer will be grateful, his editorial work cannot be unqualifiedly praised. To begin with, the documents are presented, not under a chronological arrangement, but in the confines of an arbitrary topical classification. Thus, the first volume contains, in order, Fillmore's autobiography of his earlier years, his remarks as a member of the New York Assembly, a pamphlet on religious tests for witnesses, speeches, letters, and reports as Comptroller of New York, and two addresses as Vice-President. Then follow official letters to heads of departments, and four groups of addresses, political and official, between 1840 and 1856. The second volume opens with Fillmore's speeches in the campaign of 1856, followed by a hundred pages of miscellaneous addresses, two collections of letters, and some miscellaneous documents. Obviously, such an arrangement, despite a good index, makes the volumes hard to consult.

In the matter of selection, too, Mr. Severance has not always been well advised. He omits altogether, for example, Fillmore's Presidential messages and proclamations, on the ground that they are already available in the Richardson collection! Official letters to the Secretary of the Treasury, Thomas Corwin, though calendared like the messages and proclamations, are not reprinted, because they relate to routine business or to appointments. Yet space is found for such trivial notes as that expressing the writer's inability to attend "your daughter Kate's Fancy Ball" (Vol. II., p. 321).

Of the documents here collected, the most interesting is undoubtedly the suppressed portion of the annual message of December 6, 1852, relating to slavery. Considered either as an apology for slavery, or as a rebuke to the friends of abolition, or merely as an expression of its author's views, it shows a singular lack of insight into the conditions which were rending the country, and a fatuous confidence in the one remedy of African colonization. For the rest, these two sumptuously printed volumes will not, we think, greatly alter the general estimate in which Millard Fillmore has come to be held. He was a good lawyer, a successful financier, a faithful public servant, and a courteous gentleman; but he was in no respect a great man. Raised by accident to the Presidency in a time of approaching crisis, he failed to grasp either the moral or the political significance of events. When war came he stood for the Union, but he could not approve of Lincoln's administration as a whole. Of warmth or emotion, as of the culture which comes from communion with literature, he was alike destitute. One has but to turn the pages of his collected writings to undertsand why it is his name, rather than his memory, that has survived.

Science.

American Insects. By Vernon L. Kellogg. Second edition. American Nature Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

That Professor Kellogg's work has reached a second edition is good proof that its high merit has been recognized, and that by a constituency not easy to please. It well deserves this patronage. It would hardly be called "summer reading," though our summer friends of the fields, the brooks, and the groves flutter their wings all through its pages. Nor would one venture to classify as "light literature" a volume whose cyclopedic bulk tips the scale at six pounds. Yet there are homes whose inmates could find within these covers that which might set them and theirs upon a rational recreation that would lighten the tedium of a long summer holiday. It is an admirable book, admirably illustrated.

Two marked changes are made in the new edition. First, is the substitution of a detailed table of contents for a simple list of chapters. The reason for this return to an old method cannot be the wish to pad a book already too heavy, and it is a questionable improvement. However, some students in "skimming" for specialties may find advantage in such a brief summary. But no such accessory can add much to a good index, and that Professor Kellogg has given. The second change is the addition of an entire chapter (xix.), on

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the interesting, perplexing, and widely disputed subjects of insect behavior and psychology. It is this alone that gives special value to the edition. Herein Professor Kellogg clearly states the views upon the causes of insect behavior current among scientific writers, adopting substantially the definitions of C. L. Morgan. His own position seems to be between Loeb's belief, on the one side, that all animal habits may be resolved into rigorously mechanical reactions to physico-chemical stimuli, as light, humidity, etc.; and, on the other side, what he terms the "anthropomorphic naturalist's" theory of a mystic capacity incident to living matter, and the "churchman naturalist's" theory, whose distinction from the anthropomorphist's, it must be confessed, evades the ordinary reader's mind. To quote the author's words:

> Our point of view is that fairly safe one between the rigid mechanicalism of the trophism believers, and the mysticism of the believers in a divinely endowed creature of psyche as contrasted with a long series of unfortunate soulless brutes (p. 637).

Elsewhere, however, Professor Kellogg declares that "to distinguish sharply between reflexes and instincts on the one hand, and instincts and reason on the other, is impossible" (p. 636). Again, while he holds that it does seem impossible to recognize among insects "simply rigidly mechanical reflexes" of the nature of direct inevitable response to external stimuli, such as temperature, gravitation, contact, light—he affirms (p. 638), "yet, recent studies have shown that this can in certain cases be done. It has been done, in fact." One therefore, who is disposed to read between the lines, or rather among the lines, comparing text with text, must conclude that Professor Kellogg does not occupy a position quite so midway between *mechanical* and *mystical* as his quoted "point of view" would seem to indicate. It is, indeed, a difficult subject, and the most careful and conscientious explorers may well be excused for leaving somewhat zigzagging footsteps on such uncertain ground.

That insects and all living things are keenly responsive to the stimulus of their environment, every naturalist knows, none better than the entomologist. The cases cited by the author of Davenport's observations of the Poduridæ in the sand beaches of Long Island, and of the mating of silkworms observed by himself, seem to present nothing particularly remarkable or even new. That podurids leap and whirl at contact with water and with falling sand, every walker upon the sea beach has seen; and human beings leap and whirl under like contact with stimuli. But do these facts as stated cover all the case? What, and how much lie beyond these? It is quite a different matter when one comes to such complex actions as appear in the study of ants, bees, and wasps. And this the author shows in his liberal quotations from the classical experiments of the French naturalist, M. Fabre, and of our own countrymen, Professor and Mrs. Peckham, with the wasps.

The gist of the conclusions to which these writers have come, or incline, may be given in a few sentences. Fabre's inference is that instinct knows everything in the unchanging paths laid out for it, beyond which it is entirely ignorant. The habits which awaken "the sublime inspirations of science and the astonishing inconsistencies of stupidity, are both its portion, according as the creature acts under normal conditions or accidental ones." The Peckhams conclude that there are "not only instinctive acts, but acts of intelligence, as well; and a third variety, also, acts that are partly due to imitation," although, with an indeterminate amount of intelligence accompanying. Morgan, the English student of animal behavior, infers from the facts given by Fabre and the Peckhams, from which our author quotes, that among the solitary wasps and mason bees the behavior, though "founded on instinct, is in a large degree modified by intelligence."

This second edition does not contain Professor Kellogg's last valuable researches on "Inheritance in Silkworms," printed in the Stanford University publications; but there is an abstract of his studies on silkworm reflexes, from the Biological Bulletin of 1907.

Among the papers to be read at the Belfast meeting of the British Association, according to the provisional programme, is one by Prof. William M. Davis of Harvard, on the Physiographic Subdivisions of the Appalachian Mountain System. The president of the section, Major E. H. Hills, will advocate the remeasurement of the principal longitudinal and meridianal arcs in the United Kingdom, pointing out that, owing to the fact that the survey of Great Britain and Ireland was one of the first great national surveys, the accuracy of the work, though excellent for the date at which it was performed, does not come up to modern standards. Several American professors are also to deliver lectures in the vacation course, August 10 to 28, of the Oxford School of Geography.

The French Académie des Sciences has awarded for the first time the interest on the 100,000 francs placed at its disposal by Prince Roland Bonaparte for new scientific discoveries or researches. M. Gonessiat, director of the Observatory at Algiers, receives 5,000 francs for the purchase of new instruments; M. Collin, director of the Observatory at Tananarive, 3,000 francs for the publication of a map of "Imérina de Sud," in collaboration with M. Rollet; and other amounts are granted for scientific investigation.

Sir John Banks, honorary physician to the King in Ireland and first president of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland, died July 17 in Dublin. He had been president of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, and professor of physic in the University of Dublin. Among his publications are "Clinical Reports of Medical Cases," "Loss of Language in Cerebral Disease," and the article on Typhus in Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

Drama.

Arthur Dougherty Rees, author of "Columbus," "The Double Love," etc., has written a blank verse play around the legend of "William Tell" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), and has dedicated it to the principles of human progress, which have raised the Swiss people from a state of slavish subjection to their present position. It has evidently been a labor of love, is inspired by a free and patriotic spirit, and is not wholly devoid of imagination or descriptive power, but is so undramatic in its action and so untheatrical in form as to be wholly unsuitable for stage representation. There are between thirty and forty speaking characters, and nearly all of them indulge in long-winded orations, of which many verge upon the ludicrous in their violence of rant. If Mr. Rees means to write for the theatre, he must acquire some notion, however faint, of the virtues of order, compression, and moderation.

None of Ibsen's dramas reveals so much of Ibsen himself as "Brand," written at Ariccia, Italy, in 1866. For those who would know Ibsen, therefore, it is necessary to know "Brand." But its linguistic and other difficulties are very great, and the English reader finds himself further handicapped by inadequate translations. The John Anderson Publishing Company of Chicago has therefore done a service to students of Ibsen in issuing a text, with introduction and notes by Julius E. Olson, professor of Scandinavian languages in the University of Wisconsin. In an introduction of fifty-five pages he traces the origin of the play; and, from the information gained from all available sources, and especially from Ibsen's "Letters," issued two years ago, he shows "how close this idealistic drama was to the reality of the poet's life." The notes offer an excellent commentary, with numerous references to and significant citations from the now vast body of Ibsen literature. The editor has made special effort to produce a text wholly free from typographical errors. The difficulty of this task we can appreciate when we know that Ibsen himself paid little attention to new editions of his works, and errors of all kinds have crept in.

Bronson Howard, often called "the dean of American dramatists," died at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., August 5. He was born in Detroit in 1842, and after some experience in journalism, including a residence in London, he took to play-writing. He was author of nearly twenty plays, including: "Saratoga" (1870), "Diamonds" (1872), "Moorcroft" (1874), "The Banker's Daughter" (1878), "Old Love Letters" (1878), "Hurricanes" (1878), "Wives," adapted from Molière (1879), "Young Mrs. Winthrop" (1882), "One of Our Girls" (1885),

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"Met by Chance" (1887), "The Henrietta" (1887), "Shenandoah" (1889), "Aristocracy" (1892), "Peter Stuyvesant," in collaboration with Prof. Brander Matthews (1899). "The Banker's Daughter," "Aristocracy," "Shenandoah," "The Henrietta," and "Young Mrs. Winthrop" are still more or less popular. In London "Saratoga" has been played under the title "Brighton," "The Banker's Daughter" under "The Old Love and the New," and "Hurricanes" under "Truth"; in Berlin "Saratoga," adapted by Paul Lindau, was given the title "Eine Erste und Einzige Liebe." Mr. Howard was also the author of three books, "Kate—A Comedy" (see the *Nation* of November 15, 1906, p. 421), "Norroy, Diplomatic Agent" (1907), and "Scars on the Southern Seas" (1907).

Music.

Dr. Julius Kapp, 20 Eschersheimerlandstrasse, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, is preparing a book on Franz Liszt and would be glad to receive any hitherto unpublished letters, documents, or authentic reports relating to him.

Under the title "Bach's Mass in B Minor, in Cambridge, 1908," a little book has been issued in England containing three papers; one by Sedley Taylor, "On the Circumstances under Which Bach Composed His B Minor Mass"; one by Dr. Allan Gray, "On the Structure of That Work"; and another by Mr. Taylor, "On the Revival of Bach's Choral Works after Nearly a Century of Apparent Extinction." Another English publication of value to Bach lovers is a catalogue of his choral works, issued by Novello & Co. It includes short descriptions of the works and information likely to be useful to intending performers.

"The Evolution of Modern Orchestration" is the title of a book of Dr. Louis A. Coerne to be issued in the autumn by the Macmillan Co.

The season at Covent Garden, London, which has just closed, proved the most successful in the annals of the Grand Opera Syndicate. Eighty-one performances were given, Verdi leading with 21, Wagner coming next with 15, followed by Puccini with 14. The operas given, with the number of performances, were: "Aïda" 4, "Armida" 2, "Barbiere di Siviglia" 6, "Bohême" 5, "Carmen" 2, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" 4, "Faust" 2, "Fedora" 1, "Fliegender Holländer" 2, "Huguenots" 3, "Lucia" 6, "Madama Butterfly" 4, "Manon Lescaut" 3, "Meistersinger" 3, "Otello" 5, "Pescatori di Perle" 3, "Rigoletto" 5, "Tannhäuser" 2, "Tosca" 2, "Traviata" 7, "Tristan und Isolde" 3, "Walküre" 3. It is encouraging to find Verdi's "Otello" so prominent in the list with five representations; but where is "Il Trovatore"? The trend of taste in England is also indicated by the repertory chosen for the Moody-Manners English opera company, which begins its season on the seventeenth of this month. It includes four Wagner operas, besides such favorites as "Faust," "Trovatore," "Aïda" "Madame Butterfly," La Bohême," "Pagliacci," and "Cavalleria." The four Wagner operas are "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger."

Art.

Screens and Galleries in English Churches. By Francis Bond. Pp. xii.+192. New York: Henry Frowde.

Mr. Bond is the author of a most valuable book on the Gothic art of England—a huge volume, which was duly noticed in these columns (August 9, 1906, p. 126). With great propriety, he treats now, in a separate work, the peculiarly English subject of those partitions which, under such names as chancel screen, choir screen, rood screen, rood loft, and gallery, were as essential as roof and wall to an English church. He deals with the subject "from an evolutionary point of view," and shows how the need of high and rather solid screens followed from the opening of the great window in the square east end, so common in English church architecture, and so peculiar to the island. He shows how much the old churches have lost in internal beauty and fitness from the destruction of those screens in recent times. For it is a matter of repeated regret and reproach—the freedom of nineteenth-century vicars in moving and destroying the screens of their churches; although, as our author says (p. 139), there has never been a legal order permitting the destruction of a screen:

> It is just as much rank contempt of the law to destroy a screen—one vicar in the last century had the destruction of three on his conscience—as it is to destroy the font or the altar, or anything else. A faculty* is necessary if a screen is to be destroyed.

The screen built across the chancel, or the choir, and separating it from the nave, may be traced to the low enclosure which was needed to fence off the reserved place for the choristers. But the rood screen also, as a strong foundation needed to support the rood beam and its cross and reliquaries, is of the earliest times; and these two wall-like members were easy to combine into one—into the choir screen. This is found to be now a screen of columns, now a piece of elaborate joinery in wrought and sculptured oak; here it was massive, there open and hardly more than a symbolical barrier; again, it became a solid stone construction, as, most notably, in Albi Cathedral, of late Gothic type, or in Notre Dame of Chartres, of rich neo-classic style. In the eighteenth century, high wrought-iron grilles take its place. Of English screens, at least 150 are figured in the excellent half-tone illustrations and measured drawings of this volume.

It is not easy to praise too highly the simple and effective presentation of the subject, and the interest of the book to all persons who care for ecclesiology or for decorative art. It is the work of an enthusiast whose zeal is informed with full knowledge. It may please some purists to know that, whereas the author prints the word "choir" in his earlier book, he has adopted the remoter form "quire" for the new volume—forgetting the change only once, so far as we have observed.

*"Faculty: A written dispensation, granted by the bishop of a diocese, or his chancellor, to enable certain things to be done which, without such permission, the law would not authorize to be performed." From "A Glossary of Liturgical and Ecclesiastical Terms," by the Rev. Frederick George Lee.

E. P. Dutton & Co. bring out the first volume, dealing with ancient art, of an English translation of a "History of Art," by Dr. G. Carotti, professor in the Milan Academy of Fine Arts, and lecturer in the University of Rome. The translation is by Miss Alice Todd, who has had the help of Mrs. Arthur Strong "in some of the stiffer archæological passages, and in the rendering of names." This assistance would hardly seem to amount to the "revision" promised on the title page, Mrs. Strong especially disclaiming responsibility for any of the views expressed in the book. Professor Carotti has wished to do on a larger scale something like what Solomon Reinach has done in his admirable "Apollo," and the get-up of the two books is similar—a small and closely printed page, with a profusion of illustrations on too minute a scale to serve for much more than memoranda of the works spoken of. The ground covered in the present volume is that of Chapters iii. to x., inclusive, of "Apollo" (Professor Carotti does not concern himself with prehistoric art); and the 350 pages of text correspond to some 72 of Reinach's, the pages containing much the same amount of matter, while there are 540 illustrations, against 123 in the "Apollo." But if Professor Carotti is thus enabled to give us more detail, he has neither the grasp and lucidity nor the charm of Reinach. His book is dryer reading, and will hardly convey so definite a conception of the character of the art discussed in it. "Apollo" will still remain the best popular history of art in existence, but the present work will prove a valuable supplement, which may be recommended for reading in connection with the earlier one. Whether the fault be that of the author or the translator, the style is often difficult, and sometimes confused to the verge of unintelligibility. As might be expected, there are occasional differences of opinion between the two authors, particularly as to the age of art in Egypt and as to the date of the Venus of Milo, which statue Reinach places much earlier than any one else. Professor Carotti expressly agrees with Reinach, however, in calling the figure an Amphitrite.

A translation of Edm. Solmi's "Leonardo da Vinci" has been added to the biographical series Geisteshelden (Berlin: Ernst Hofmann & Co.). The merits of Solmi's work, which appeared last year in a second edition (Florence: Barbèra), are so well known, that we need recall only that in spite of its compactness it is the most complete and accurate collection of biographical data concerning Leonardo. It has the advantage of approaching him as a whole without especial prepossession, artistic or scientific. This authorized German version by Emmi Hirschberg is well done,

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and should be useful to students who do not read Italian. The letter press is better than that of the Italian edition, and there are nine plates, of which, however, three are taken from originals of more than doubtful authenticity. Solmi's book was written as a sort of condensed epitome of a great work on Leonardo in his relation to his contemporaries, for the appearance of which all Leonardists still wait eagerly.

Signor Nathan, the Syndic of Rome, is desirous of avoiding all unnecessary destruction of the fortifications of the ancient city and is making common cause with the archæological authorities. One question under discussion is where openings may best be made in the long, unbroken tract of old walls between the Porta Sebastiano and the Porta San Giovanni. Signor Boni and his associates suggest the reopening of three old gates, which are now closed, the Porta Latina, Porta Metronia, and Porta Asinaria. These three arches would provide sufficient approaches to the new quarter beyond them for some time to come. Signor Boni also suggests the conversion of the Via Latina into a wide boulevard. This plan would give room for the excavation of the tombs which stood on each side of the Via Latina, and for their future preservation in gardens on both sides of the road. The tracts of old wall between the Porta San Lorenzo and the Porta Maggiore and the Porta Maggiore and Porta San Giovanni present a more difficult problem. In the first case the needs of the railway require a wide opening at one place which, if made at the acute angle now proposed, would destroy a considerable stretch of wall. Here the only alternative is that the railway should be curved so as to approach the walls more nearly at a right angle. As for the needed exits between the Porta Maggiore and the Porta San Giovanni—where the old walls carry the Claudian aqueduct—it is suggested by Signor Boni that openings be made through the arches of the aqueduct itself which in some places would furnish a sufficiently wide passage without further alterations.

An interesting discovery has again been made on the Roman Forum. Inside a small drain beneath the pavement of the Clivus Palatinus have been found eighty-six seals with various artistic devices, such as the wolf and the twins, Mars and Venus, Cupid, Mercury, Isis, Fortuna, Silenus with a boar's head, and many figures of animals; also extensive remains of lamps, one of which is ornamented with the figure of an Eastern god inscribed *mystikon*.

A new entrance to the Forum has been planned at the end of the Via Cavour, where the temporary office of the excavations used to stand, and where now about 3,000 cubic metres of earth have been removed. It is hoped that the old gateway of the Farnese gardens on the Palatine, which is now scattered in fragments, may be made to serve as the entrance.

A strong committee of French artists has now been formed with the object of securing for painters, sculptors, designers, and others the legal rights already granted to authors and dramatists. There will be a meeting in October, when many of the artists who are now absent from Paris will have returned to town. Thus far, the presidents of the two leading salons, as well as of the Association des Artistes, Peintres, Graveurs et Architectes, the Salon d'Automme, the Société des Artistes Indépendants, and the Syndicat de la Propriété Artistique, as also several prominent representatives of those associations, including no fewer than seven members of the Institute, have already declared themselves in sympathy with the objects of the association. Other supporters of the movement are Armand-Pierre-Marie Dayot, inspector-general of fine arts, and Paul-Arthur Cheramy, the well known collector. The latter, who is a retired lawyer, has submitted to the French minister of public instruction a draft bill providing for the payment to artists of a royalty or percentage upon the amount paid for their works every time they change hands. This idea originated with Frantz Jourdain, president of the Salon d'Automme and of the Syndicat de la Propriété Artistique.

The French Académie des Beaux-Arts has awarded the Premier Grand Prix de Rome to Paul Marcel Damman, a young engraver of twenty-three; the Premier Second Grand Prix to Henri Dropsy; and the Deuxième Second Grand Prix to Charles Fraisse.

At Christie's, London, July 17 and 20, the following pictures were sold: Reynolds, Mrs. Robinson as Perdita, £378; Raeburn, Mrs. Kerr, £336; J. Linnell, sr., Milking-Time, £304.

A cable dispatch from Berlin announces the death, last Wednesday, of Kuno von Uechtritz, the well-known sculptor of Berlin. Von Uechtritz was born in Breslau in 1856. His principal statues are the Moltke in Breslau, the Bismarck at Grimme, the Chinese war monument at Tientsin, and the Steuben memorial which received a gold medal at St. Louis.

Joseph Henderson, a Glasgow painter of portraits and sea pieces, has died at the age of seventy-six.

Finance.

THE STOCK MARKET "BAROMETER."

That the movement of prices in the stock market is an accurate forecast of coming changes in general trade has long been a commonplace. Ample demonstration of Wall Street's "barometric" capacities has been afforded in the case of the recent panic and present business depression—a fact which makes all the more interesting the present "readings" of the instrument.

It will be recalled that, so far as the records of carefully prepared averages may be relied upon, the stock market made "high tide" in January, 1906, more than two months before the San Francisco disaster. By that time, moreover, the bond market was in such condition that railways and other companies whose needs compelled provision of fresh capital, were obliged to resort to "short-term notes" or convertible bonds, finding it impossible to make issues of ordinary long-term bonds on satisfactory terms. The speculative debauch begun in August, 1906, by the "Harriman dividends" temporarily reversed the ebbing tide, but in December, 1906, the waters were rapidly receding. Thus the bond market gave fully two years' warning of the depression that is now with us; and, even reckoning from the "Harriman boom" of August, 1906, the stock market reflected coming events at least one year in advance.

The modern theory of business "depressions" recognizes that they are primarily the result of contraction in the volume of new capital available for enterprise. According to this theory, whatever checks the flow of capital into new undertakings brings about a general halt in production and reduces consumption materially, as people are thrown out of work. The conditions thus brought about are commonly described as "bad times"—like the present. When capital ceases to seek investment, the turn of the business tide is at hand. Now, the securities which are bought and sold in Wall Street—stocks and bonds—represent this kind of capital. The prices of these securities represent the valuation of this kind of invested capital; and this valuation is made by that keen and subtle business faculty—the speculative instinct. Consequently, the price list of representative securities in Wall Street represents the record of the most sensitive business nerve centres—seismographs, one might say, at times—presented in its simplest form. In 1906 the bond market showed the scarcity of capital for conservative investment, and showed it most clearly; in 1907 the stock market, which began to decline in January, and crashed in March, plainly evidenced a state of things that did not finally show itself in trade until twelve months later. In other words, Wall Street registered one to two years in advance the progressive scarcity of capital to which our present business depression must be ascribed, and it did so simply because it had to.

Now, it is important to note that, before the business contraction had had time to make itself fully visible to the naked eye (in bank clearings, railway returns, etc.), the Wall Street barometer had started to rise. The lowest "readings" were made in October, 1907, and at the end of July, 1908, the level was higher than in July, 1907. The business depression was at its greatest in June. Taking the average price of twenty active railway stocks as kept by a Wall Street publication for twenty years, the highest "reading" was about 138, in January, 1906, and the lowest 81, in October, 1907. At present the level is about 106, as against about 104 at the end of July, 1907. Thus at the climax of the business depression the "barometer" has risen almost half-way from the lowest to the highest. What does

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this mean? Can we take it as evidence that the business depression is soon to pass away—as the "Sunshine" and "Prosperity" clubs tell us? Allowing for the existence of "manipulation" of prices, and of "speculation" of a concentrated type in high places, there is no disguising the fact that the sharp and sustained recovery of stock prices is a good sign as bearing upon the future of business. And yet the continued sluggishness of the bond market is a very curious portent, and one which suggests that possibly there may be necessary some correction of the "barometric readings" taken simply from the stock market. It is admitted by all experts that the bond market is most disappointing, in view of the low rates for money. It was hoped that the July disbursements of interest and dividends would stimulate investment in bonds, but they failed to do so, and we have had the strange spectacle of 1 per cent. call money, a "booming" stock market, and a bond market without animation. All those whose business it is to cater for the strict investment public agree in saying that the demand for investments is very small.

From these facts, it would seem that the new capital available for investment in enterprise has this time been willing to take speculative risks, rather than engage in the safer and more humdrum paths of employment. In the recovery that followed the 1893-1896 depression, the first sign of the better times coming was found in the extensive refunding operations on a 3½ per cent. basis, started by the Lake Shore, and followed by other railways, with good credit, such as Northwestern and New York Central. The accumulated capital sought first the most conservative type of investments, finally flowing down into the speculative classes. Ten years ago the public bought the first mortgage bonds of good or reorganized properties, and the bankers and syndicates had to carry the stocks. Now the public has taken away the stocks (in "odd-lot" purchases), and the bonds languish in bankers' hands and on the shelves of bond-jobbers. In the ten years of "boom"—1897-1907—stocks and bonds a-plenty were made to suit every one's taste, until last year neither stocks nor bonds could be sold, and only short loans could be effected. Now the public seems to prefer Union Pacific stock at 150 to Union Pacific 4 per cent. bonds at 95. The inference is that there has not been enough accumulation of new capital for new enterprise to affect both the stock and the bond market. If this inference is correct, then arguments from the stock market to business conditions must be qualified to some extent, so far as the near future is concerned—in other words, the "barometric readings" will have to be corrected for error in a degree measured by the sluggishness of the bond market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amundsen, Roald. The North-West Passage. E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols. $8 net.
Beaven, Rev. Alfred B. The Aldermen of the City of London. London: Eden, Fisher & Co.
Caffin, Charles H. A Child's Guide to Pictures. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.
Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Classified Catalogue. 1902-1906. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library.
Carpenter, Mary L. Essentials of Dietetics. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Chapin, Eugene W. Lincoln: The Man of Sorrow. Chicago: Lincoln Temperance Press.
Garnett, Porter. The Bohemian Jinks. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50 net.
Holland, Henry Scott. The Optimism of Butler's Analogy. Henry Frowde.
Homeri, Opera. Edited by Thomas W. Allen. Vols. III. and IV. Henry Frowde.
Hyatt, Stanley Portal. The Little Brown Brother. London: Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.
Janitschek, Maria. Eine Liebesnacht. Leipsic: Verlag von B. Elischer Nachfolger.
Kearny, Stephen Watts, The 1820 Journal of. Valentine Mott Porter, editor. St. Louis: Missouri Historical Society.
Kellogg, Vernon L. Insect Stories. Henry Holt & Co.
Kirkland, Caroline. Some African Highways. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. $1.50.
Locy, William A. Biology and Its Makers. Henry Holt & Co.
McClung, Nellie L. Sowing Seeds in Danny. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Morse, William Inglis. Acadian Lays and Other Verse. Toronto: William Briggs. $1.
Morton, Walter S. Hydraulic-Fill Dams. Morton & Burritt.
Norton, Frederick Owen. A Lexiconographical and Historical Study of Διαθήκη. The University of Chicago Press. 79 cents.
Oldmeadow, Ernest. Aunt Maud. The McClure Co.
Osborne, Charles Francis (editor). Historic Houses and Their Gardens. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. $6.
Potted Fiction. Ed. by John Kendrick Bangs. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Privat, Edmond. Esperanto at a Glance. Fleming H. Revell Company. 15 cents net.
Privat, Edmond. Esperanto in Fifty Lessons. Fleming H. Revell Company. 50 cents net.
Sabine, Alvah Horton. House Painting. John Wiley & Sons. $1 net.
St. Luz, Berthe. Tamar Curze. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Shaw, Bernard. The Commonsense of Municipal Trading. London: A. C. Fifield. 6d.
Slosson, Annie Trumbull. A Dissatisfied Soul. Bonnell, Silver & Co. 75 cents net.
Smith, Arthur. The Game of Go. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.
Tennyson, The Works of. Eversley Edition. Vols. III. and IV. The Macmillan Co.

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